

Sherlock Holmes

MYSTERIES

VOLUME ONE



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SEPPO MAKINEN

Sherlock Holmes MYSTERIES

"SCARLET IN GASLIGHT"

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"A CASE OF BLIND FEAR"

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SCARLET IN GASLIGHT





PROLOGUE I: FLIGHT.







PROLOGUE II: DESTINATION.



DRIVER!
I SAID
DRIVE ON!

B-BUT
THE
NIGHT...

... IT FALLS! WE
MAKE A BARGAIN
TO BORGO PASS.
I GO NO CLOSER!

VERY
WELL,
THEN.

HERE IS THE
MONEY YOU WERE
PROMISED.

THANK YOU
KIND SIR!
GOD BE
WITH YOU!

SAVE YOUR GOD
FOR THOSE WHO
NEED HIM.

YOU NEED HIM.

PITY HE DOESN'T
HELP FOOLS.

TIK TIK

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.
NO ONE MUST KNOW MY
WHEREABOUTS.

I WILL NOT
BE TRACED.

TIK TIK CLAK

BOOM

ESPECIALLY IF HE HAS
MANAGED TO FOLLOW.

I CANNOT FAIL...

... NOT WHEN I
AM SO CLOSE.

GRRRRRR

GRRRRRR

HE MUST PAY.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
MUST DIE.

THIS TIME HE WILL
LOSE ALL... HIS
REPUTATION... HIS
SANITY...

THEN HE WILL BEG,
ME TO KILL HIM.

AND HIS CITY.

BLAM!
BLAM!

OF COURSE, I
WILL OBLIGE.

AND NOW,
ON TO THE
FIRST ORDER
OF BUSINESS...

INSANITY.

THUMP
THUMP

GOOD
EVENING,
SIR.

LET ME IN,
WOMAN. I'M
EXPECTED.



I SEEK YOUR MASTER, NOT HIS MAID-SERVANT.

MY SISTERS AND I...

...BID YOU WELCOME!

AH, BUT THAT: I'M NOT, SIR, PLEASE ENTER.

SHE SPRINGS AT ME LIKE A TIGRESS... LETHAL... BEAUTIFUL.

NO MATTER. I HAVE COME PREPARED.

SHE FALLS EASILY AS DID THE MAN-WOLVES.

FROM HER LUNGS IT IS HOLMES' DEATH RATTLE I HEAR...

ENOUGH!

I SEEM TO HAVE UNDERESTIMATED YOUR KNOWLEDGE, SIR.

AND YOUR NERVE.

I HAVE NEVER LACKED EITHER. COUNT---

IN HER EYES I SEE HOLMES' DEMISE.



YES I AM DRACULA.

IT IS ONLY BECAUSE OF MARGUERITE'S DISOBEDIENCE IN ATTACKING YOU THAT I ALLOW YOUR ACTIONS TO GO UNPUNISHED. FOR NOW.

COME UP WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS...

PROFESSOR MORIARTY.

WRITTEN BY MARTIN POWELL.
DRAWN BY SEPPU MAKINEN
EDITED BY WAYNE R. SMITH.

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED BY
BRAM STOKER AND SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER ONE: ARRIVAL.

'ERE YOU GO, GUV'NUH.

THANK YOU, DRIVER.

I THINK THAT'S ALL THE LUGGAGE, HOLMES.



IT'S KIND OF YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME, WATSON. ESPECIALLY AS THIS CASE, I'M AFRAID, PROMISES VERY LITTLE.

AFTER ALL, I'D RARELY GET TO ENJOY SUCH CHARMING COUNTRYSIDE AND FRESH AIR.

NONSENSE!
I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO JOIN YOU. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT BY NOW.



WHAT A LOVELY TOWN THIS IS! I'M SORRY NOT TO HAVE VISITED WHITBY BEFORE. IT'S SO PEACEFULLY ISOLATED FROM THE BUSTLE OF THE CITY.

ISOLATED YES, BUT PERHAPS NOT AS BENIGN AS YOU BELIEVE. SECLUSION OFTEN TURNS THE MIND TOWARD WICKED ENDS.

IN SUCH QUARANTINE SURROUNDINGS WHO CAN HEAR THE VICTIM'S SCREAMS?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING THERE IS SUCH AN EVIL BENEATH THIS PICTURESQUE OLD ROOF?



RAP RAP

I SUGGEST NOTHING. I'M MERELY STATING FROM MY EXPERIENCES.



HMMM. IT'S NOT ONLY THE AIR THAT IS **STAGNANT** IN LONDON, OLD FRIEND. CRIME HAS BECOME EXCEEDINGLY **DULL** SINCE PROFESSOR MORIARTY BOLTED TO THE CONTINENT MONTHS AGO.

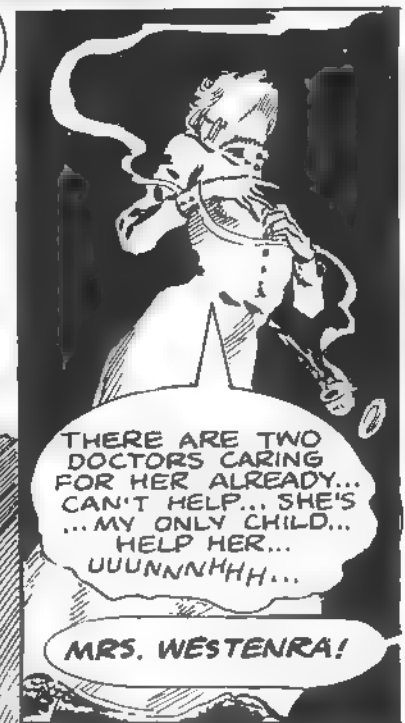
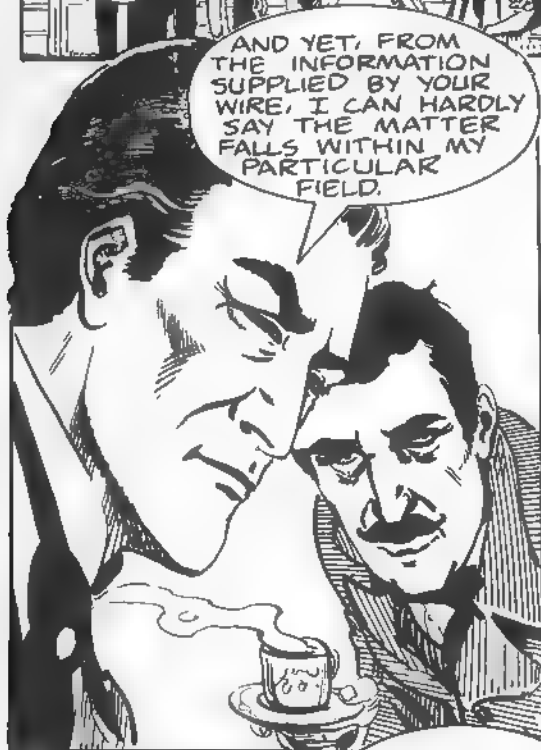


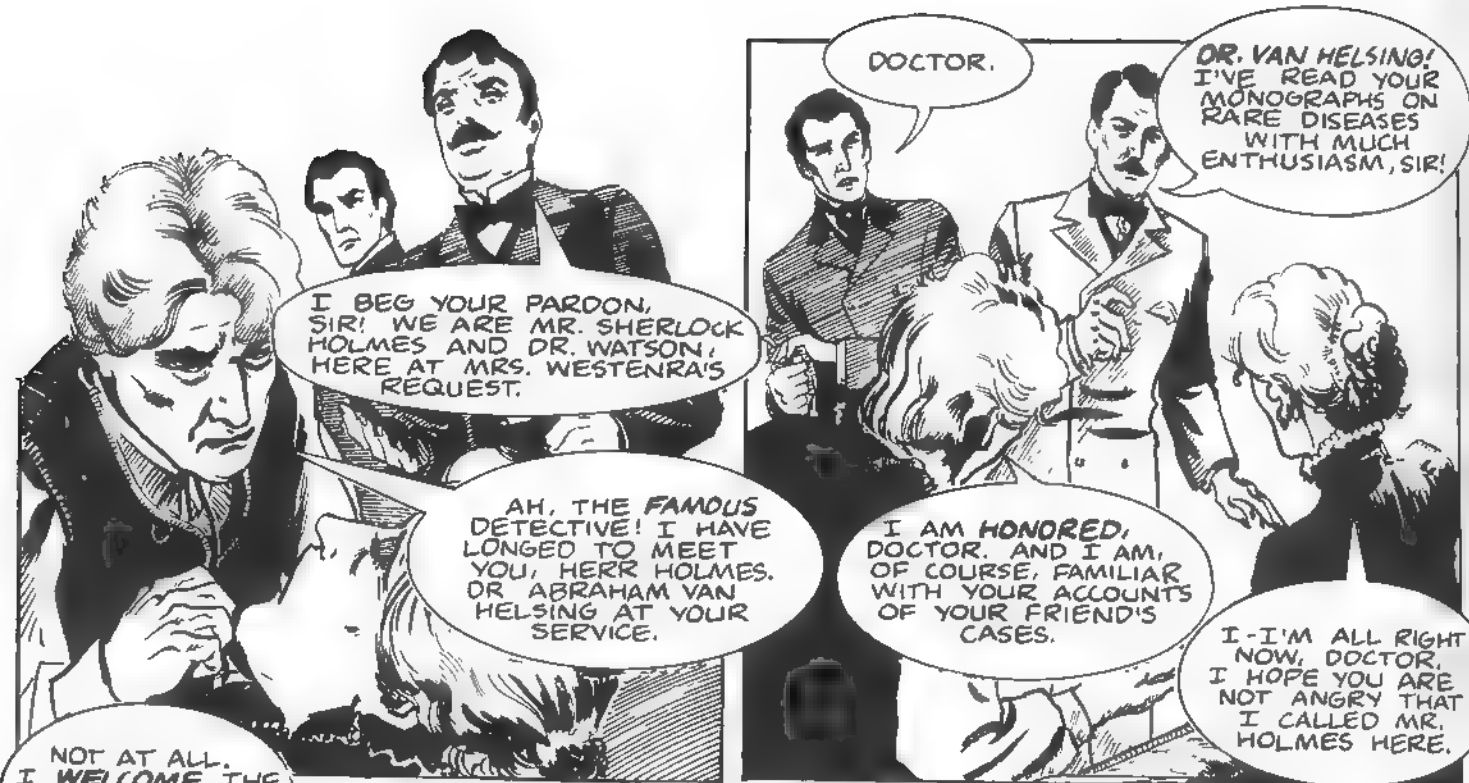
IT IS NOT BY CHANCE THAT THE **WORST** THINGS ALWAYS SEEM LIKE INNOCENCE.

WELL, THAT'S CHARACTERISTICALLY **MORBID** OF YOU, HOLMES.



AH, YOU GENTLEMEN MUST BE THE DETECTIVES FROM LONDON. MRS WESTENRA HAS BEEN EXPECTING YOU.







NO, DR. WATSON. I'M FEELING WELL AGAIN, HONESTLY.

THE BLUSH ON YOUR CHEEK ATTESTS TO THAT, MY DEAR. I'M GLAD NOT TO BE NEEDED IN HERE. YOU ARE IN VERY CAPABLE HANDS.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE MEETING YOU, DR. WATSON... YOU HAVE BEEN VERY QUIET, HERR HOLMES.



I FOLLOW MY OWN LINE OF INQUIRY, DR. VAN HELSING.

GOOD DAY.



NOW, MISS LUCY, I AM WEARY AND MUST REST. THIS TELEGRAM WILL SEND DR. SEWARD TO WATCH OVER YOU TONIGHT.

REALLY, DOCTOR, THERE IS NO NEED FOR ANYONE TO SIT WITH ME.

HE IS QUITE RIGHT MY DEAR. JUST TO BE SAFE.



THAT WAS CONFOUNDEDLY RUDE OF YOU, HOLMES! THAT MAN IS A GREAT SCIENTIST!

I'M AFRAID MR. HOLMES DOESN'T LIKE THE DOCTOR

WE MERELY HAVE DIFFERENT METHODS MISS WESTENRA.

A GREAT WITCH DOCTOR, YOU MEAN.

HULLO, WHAT'S THIS? SPECKS OF DARK SOIL. QUITE UNLIKE THE EARTH AROUND WHITBY.



WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN LOOKING FOR, MR. HOLMES?

IF I KNEW THAT, THERE WOULD CEASE TO BE A MYSTERY.

BUT THERE REALLY IS NO MYSTERY. I'VE SIMPLY BEEN ILL.



DON'T YOU FIND THE ODOR OF THESE PLANTS OFFENSIVE?

STRANGE, I DID AT FIRST, BUT THEIR SCENT IS ALMOST COMFORTING NOW.



DIRT? PERHAPS FROM THE GARLIC PLANTS?

POSSIBLY.

AN INQUISITIVE CREATURE...
A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE.

HER HAIR... HER EYES.
THE SAME DANGEROUS
EYES. I HAD ALMOST
FORGOTTEN. SO MUCH
ALIKE, SO LOVELY.

SO DEADLY.

WE'D BEST
LEAVE NOW, HOLMES.
WE DON'T WANT
TO TIRE HER.

HOLMES!
ARE YOU
ALLRIGHT?

IT'S NOTHING,
WATSON. A TRIFLE
WARM, PERHAPS

THAT
IS ALL.

SHE IS NOT THE SAME,
I KNOW. SHE CAN'T
BE. AND YET...

SO MUCH ALIKE...

WHY THE
OMINOUS WARNING
HOLMES? THE
GIRL IS RECOVERING
ADMIRABLY.

THERE IS MORE
TO THIS THAN ILLNESS.
MY FRIEND, YOU
NOTICED THE WOUNDS
ON MISS LUCY'S
THROAT?

GENTLEMEN,
YOU'RE
LEAVING?

HOWEVER, I
CAUTION YOU TO
LOCK ALL THE
DOORS AND
WINDOWS
TONIGHT.

AND SHOULD
YOU NEED US,
A LAMP IN MISS
LUCY'S WINDOW
WILL SPEED US
HERE FROM
THE INN.

THANK YOU,
MR. HOLMES.
TONIGHT I
SHALL SLEEP
AT EASE.

YOUR DAUGHTER
IS RECOVERING
WELL, MADAM. SHE
WILL BE HERSELF
IN NO TIME.

WOUNDS?
WHY, NO!

YES,
NEAR THE
JUGULAR.

"AND UNLESS I'M VASTLY MISTAKEN, WE'LL BE SUMMONED AGAIN BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OUT."



DID DR. SEWARD ARRIVE?

YES MUM, HE SAYS FOR YOU TO STAY IN BED.

WE'LL LOOK AFTER MISS LUCY TONIGHT.

"REALLY, HOLMES, THERE IS SOMETHING POSITIVELY INHUMAN IN YOU THESE DAYS."

"I ASSURE YOU MY DEAR WATSON, THAT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I EVER KNEW WAS HANGED FOR POISONING HER THREE CHILDREN..."

...FOR THEIR INSURANCE MONEY."

"I MUST ADMIT HOLMES, MISS WESTENRA IS CERTAINLY ONE OF THE LOVELIEST YOUNG LADIES I'VE EVER SEEN."

"WAS SHE? I DID NOT OBSERVE."



"SURELY SUCH A GRUESOME EVENT CAN HARDLY REFLECT ON MISS LUCY?"

"THE MOTIVES OF YOUNG LADIES ARE ALWAYS INSCRUTABLE."



"ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT SHE IS HIDING SOMETHING?"

"WOMEN ARE NEVER TO BE TRUSTED WATSON."

"NOT THE BEST OF THEM."

"NEVER"

"HOLMES, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?"

MASTER



I FEEL ILL. MY CHEST IS TIGHT... AS IF WOUND WITH WIRE... DR SEWARD...

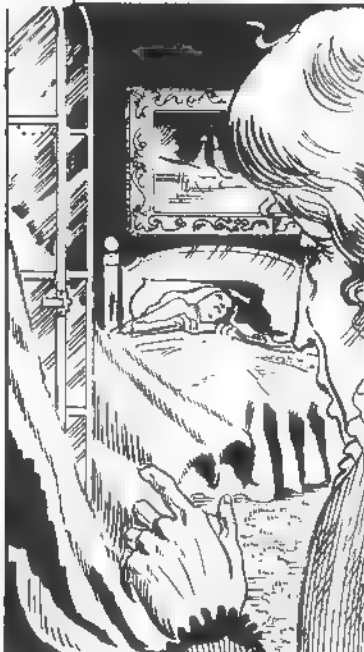
HE CAN HELP ME... HARD TO BREATHE.

DR. SEWARD! HE IS NOT HERE!

THE WINDOWS...? OPEN...? NAILS... PULLED OUT...



DEAR LORD! WHAT WAS THAT?



MY CHEST... THE PAIN-AWFUL. MUST CALL SOMEONE...

NO ANSWER... NO MOVEMENT AT ALL... IN THE HOUSE...

THE GARLIC... AND CRUCIFIX...



WHERE... ARE... THEY...?



MOTHER! WHAT--?

M-MY CHEST... CAN'T GET ANY... AIR...



AND IT IS SWEET.

OVER HER SHOULDER THEY BURN...

MY BRAIN GROWS WEARY WITH THOUGHT. I LOSE MYSELF IN THE CRIMSON GLOW, JUST AS SO MANY TIMES BEFORE.

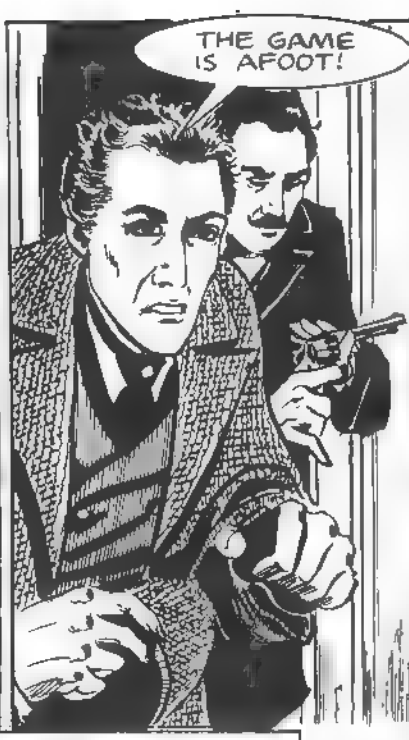
AS SHE SLIPS INTO BED WITH ME SHE FEELS COLD. HER EYES ARE DULL, HER BREATHING COMES IN LABORED RATTLES.

SMOLDERING LIKE GLOWING COALS.

MOTHER WEAKLY PUTS A LAMP TO THE WINDOW. I DON'T KNOW WHY.

ON HER IS A SCENT OF THE GRAVE.





A HORRIBLE GURGLING RASPS FROM MOTHER'S THROAT, AND SHE FALLS AS IF LIGHTENING STRUCK.

AND THE BEAST...

THE AIR IS FULL OF SPECKS... FLOATING AND CIRCLING...



...INTO THE DARKENING HAZE.

THERE IS HUMMING IN MY EARS...

...A WILD PULSING AT MY THROAT.



GOD SAVE ME THIS NIGHT...

AND IN A HEART-BEAT THE MONSTER IS GONE.

SAVE ME FROM MYSELF.

SHE IS STRIKING IN THE MOONLIGHT,
WADING THROUGH THE BROKEN SHARDS...



...IN ALL THE AGES PAST I HAVE
NEVER KNOWN ONE SUCH AS SHE-



LEAVING A RUBY
TRAIL BEHIND.

MY HEART QUICKENS AS IT
HAS NOT IN FIFTY DECADES.



MY COLD FLESH ACHES FOR
HER TREMBLING TOUCH, MY
NOSTRILS HUNGER FOR THE
PERFUME OF HER BREATH.



SHE SIGHS LIKE A CRADLED
CHILD, THE DWELLING IS
BLUE WITH DEATH.



BUT SHE RUNS RED...

...WITH LIFE.



LIFE...

...FULL AND RICH.

AND RED.

THERE IS A NEED IN HIS EYES
THAT I HAVE KNOWN OF NO OTHER.



IT IS A PAINED WANT,
AS HE WATCHES THE
BLOOD RUN DOWN ME
LIKE SCARLET BUGS.

THE TOUCH OF HIS
ICY LIPS KINDLE ME
WITH LUCIOUS SURGE.

WAVES OF LIQUID
HEAT FLOOD ME...



THE ONLY SOUNDS ARE MY
OWN QUICKENED BREATHING...



HIS PRESENCE ENGULFS
THE BED-CHAMBER,
BLACKS OUT THE MOON.



... A SOFT RUSTLING LIKE WINGS...

... AND A SLOW...

.. RUSHING...



... WET...

... LIKE A SURF TOSSED SHORE ..

... IN AN ENDLESS DREAM.

AND NOW, MY BELOVED...



... YOU SHALL BE
FLESH OF MY FLESH.

BLOOD OF MY BLOOD.

WE SHALL BE ONE.

DRINK DEEPLY, CHILD.
YOU WILL EASE THE
LONELINESS...

... OF MY WAITING.



GOOD GOD!
WHAT--?

RUSH HIM, WATSON!



HOLMES, ALL THAT BLOOD...

STEADY MAN! WE MUST TAKE HIM!



YOU TAKE ME! YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU STAND AGAINST!



UGH!

SHAK!

MANY HAVE CROSSED SWORDS WITH ME!



ALL HAVE DIED!

SWAP!



BY MY HAND!



HOLMES! GET DOWN!

BANG!

BANG!

NO... EFFECT! AND... HE... HE CASTS NO REFLECTION!



TRUE, THE MAN SEES NOTHING IN THE GLASS.



WOULD THAT I COULD NOT.

THE HATED
PLAY-THING
OF VANITY...

... IT WILL SERVE ME YET.

WATSON!
LOOK OUT!

MADE IT!

SUCH
STRENGTH,
HE'S NOT
HUMAN!

TONIGHT THE
QUEST IS WON.

IT BURNS ME,
SEARING, SEETHING.

... MY PLACE OF
THE SKULL.

BUT DEATH SHAN'T
FIND ME THIS NIGHT...

... THE CURSED CROSS!

...AND HELL WILL
BLAZE WITHOUT MY
BLACKENED SOUL.

MY OWN PRIVATE GOLGOTHA.

TONIGHT THE
MAIDEN IS MINE.

A REMINDER OF
MY AWAITING HELL.

AND A NEW
LIFE IS BEGUN.

I-I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!
I'D HEARD
OF SUCH
TALES IN
INDIA, BUT...

HE... FLEW... AWAY...



THE GIRL IS IN SERIOUS CONDITION, HOLMES.

SHE'S LOST A TERRIBLE AMOUNT OF BLOOD.

HER PULSE IS VERY FAINT.

HER POOR MOTHER IS DEAD, I'M AFRAID.

FLEW...

JA, JA! MISS LUCY IS STILL ALIVE, THEN?

BARELY, HER BREATHING IS VERY SHALLOW.

THE POOR LADY, I FEARED AS MUCH WHEN SEWARD WIRED ME TONIGHT ON MISS LUCY'S CONDITION.

THEN, HE NEVER RECEIVED YOUR TELEGRAM!

I'M AFRAID HER MOTHER IS DEAD, HEART FAILURE, I THINK.



MEIN GOTT! WHAT HAS HAPPENED...?

VAN HELSING! THANK GOD! SHE NEEDS AN IMMEDIATE TRANSFUSION!



HOLMES! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? WE NEED HELP OVER HERE!

I WILL PREPARE HER FOR THE TRANSFUSION, DOCTOR.

THOUGH THEY ARE BEHIND ME I SEE THEM. I WATCH THE TALL MAN SHAKING, PALE WITH THE NEW KNOWLEDGE. HIS MIGHTY BRAIN SCREAMS.



HOLMES, YOU'RE THE SAME BLOOD-TYPE TOO. SHE'LL NEED ALL WE CAN GIVE, HOLMES? WHAT IS IT?

... OUT THE WINDOW FLEW...



MY GOD, MAN! SNAP OUT OF IT!

VAN HELSING! HOLMES IS IN SEVERE SHOCK!



AND I SEE THE RED EYES WATCHING ME.

WITHOUT LISTENING I HEAR THEIR VOICES.



I MUST GO TO THEM.

HOW CAN SHE BE STANDING?

THE THROAT WOUNDS ARE GONE. SHE BELONGS TO THE BEAST NOW.

IT IS TOO LATE. THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO.

SURELY IT IS NOT SO HOPELESS?

MISS LUCY! DR. WATSON, HELP ME GET HER BACK TO BED!

SHE WILL NOT LIVE TILL MORNING, BUT I CAN SAVE HER SOUL IF NOT HER LIFE.

POOR CHILD. WHAT A TRAGEDY. IT'S OVER, THEN?

NOT SO, DR. WATSON.

I FEAR IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING.

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF JOHN H. WATSON, MD.: IT WAS AS DISMAL A SCENE AS ANY I HAD EVER WITNESSED.

THE OPPRESSIVE ATMOSPHERE OF THE DEATH ROOM SEEMED TO THRUST DOWN UPON ME FROM IT'S VERY TIMBERS, WHIRLING GHOSTLY IMAGES OF THE MAN IN BLACK SPUN THROUGH MY THROBBING BRAIN, HIS SNARLING FERAL FACE STILL FLASHING CHALK AND CRIMSON BEFORE MY EYES.

BUT MORE THAN THIS CHILLED MY BLOOD, FOR I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE HAUNTED, EMPTY GAZE OF MY FRIEND, NOR THE FULL IMPACT OF THE HORROR AMONG THE CARNAGE AS I REALIZED...

...SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD GONE INSANE.



THROUGH THE WALLS, IN THE QUIET OF THE PLACE, I *FEEL* HER... THE GENTLE SLOPE OF HER SHOULDERS, THE WOMANLY CURVE OF HER HIPS...

YOU SHOULD SEE ME DANCE THE POLKA-- YOU SHOULD SEE ME COVER THE GROUND... LA-LA LA-LA LA-LA

ALTHOUGH NOT IN THE ROOM--NOT YET--I AM *THERE*... THE TOUCHING IS *REAL*.

SHE DOES NOT KNOW.



FOR THE ROLICKING-- FROLICKING POLKA IS THE JOLLIEST DANCE A-ROUND.

WELL JANEY-GIRL... YA AIN'T 'ALF BAD, YA AIN'T. NOBODY'D KNOW I'D BE HITTIN' ME THIRTY-MARK TOMOR-RAW!

I HEAR ALL OF HER...THE *PUMP AND FLOW* AND *POUNDING* RHYTHM WITH- IN THE PRECIOUS SHELL.



A LIT'LE EXTRA PAINT AND POWDER...THAT'S ALL IT TAKES...

THAT YOU, "JOHNNY?" A BIT EARLY... I AIN'T DECENT YET...

UNLIKE THE WOMAN, MY CONSCIOUSNESS IS NOT CONTAINED WITHIN ME...I AM ALL ABOUT HER, IN THE ROOM, IN HER THOUGHTS-- *EVERYWHERE*.



I CATCH HER SCENT WITHOUT BREATHING...SEE THE BLUE OF HER EYES WITHOUT LOOKING...

...BUT I GUESS IF IT WAS *DEGENCY* YA WAS AFTER YA WOULDN'T BE HERE--EH? HA!

WELL--? WATCHA HIDIN' IN THE 'ALL FOR? C'MON IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR.

...KNOW HER EARLIEST MEMORIES, HER DEAREST DREAMS.



AND HER DEEPEST *PASSIONS*.

"JOHNNY"...?

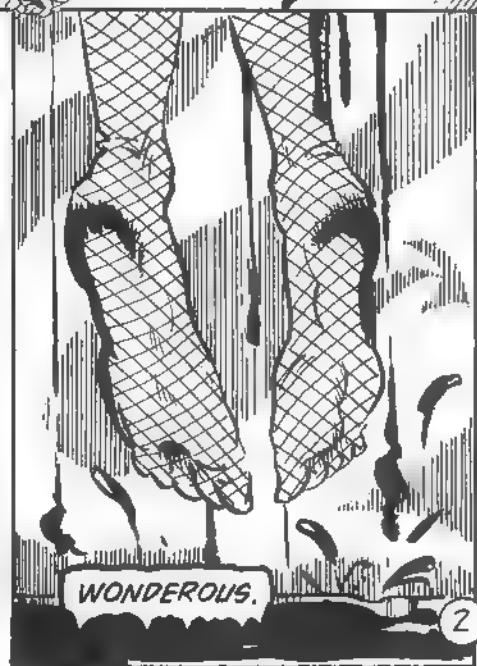
WE HAVE NEVER MET..



...AND I KNOW HER *COMPLETELY*.

OH! YA GIMME A FRIGHT, YA DID! HOW'S COME YA'RE CREEPIN' ABOUT ALL QUIET AND...

'EY! HOW'S COME I CAN'T SEE YA IN THE GLASS?



INVASION

IF ONLY FOR A MOMENT.

I DESPISE
HAVING TO
INTERRUPT
SO TENDER
A SCENE...

...BUT
I HAVE
NEED OF
YOU,
NOW...

MORIARTY!
THIS IS
INTOLERABLE...!

MARTIN POWELL
WRITER
WAYNER. SMITH
CO-PLOTTER
SEPPO MAKINEN
ARTIST
PAT BROSSAU
LETTERS
CHRIS ULM
EDITOR

BASED UPON CHARACTERS CREATED BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE & BRAM STOKER.



LEAVE HER BODY IN THE WHITECHAPEL AREA... AND TAKE CARE TO SLASH HER THROAT AND MUTILATE THE ABDOMEN--AS DONE THE OTHERS.

GET DR. CREAM TO DO IT... I WANT THIS TO LOOK LIKE THE RIPPER'S WORK.



THIS KIND OF "SERVICE" IS DEGRADING. I AM A WARRIOR, A HUNTER. NOT A RAPIST.

THIS IS NOT THE WILDS OF TRANSYLVANIA, COUNT. LONDON HAS LAWS AGAINST KILLING PEOPLE IN THE STREETS.

OUR ACCOMMODATIONS FOR YOU WILL BE UPHELD.



NEVER FORGET IT WAS I WHO MASTERMINDED YOUR JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

I AM NOT YOUR SLAVE, PROFESSOR MORIARTY

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT WHITBY--ABANDONING MY BELOVED LUCY TO THE BUTCHERY OF VAN HELSING. SHE WOULD BE WITH ME NOW, HAD I NOT ANSWERED YOUR CALL.

YES, THE GIRL. I SUSPECTED AS MUCH.

I ASSURE YOU, SIR, I WAS AS DISMAYED AS YOU BY THE GIRL'S BRUTAL MURDER. HAD NOT ONE OF MY MOST TRUSTED MEN WITNESSED THE GRISLY EPISODE, I SHOULD NOT BELIEVE A DOCTOR WITH ABRAHAM VAN HELSING'S REPUTATION CAPABLE OF SUCH SAVAGRY.



A WOODEN STAKE WAS USED TO PIERCE THE TORSO, I BELIEVE.



MY LUCY'S BLOOD WARMS ME STILL... IT IS NOT EASY TO BELIEVE SHE IS DEAD.

BUT--IF ALIVE-- SHE WOULD HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT... CALLED TO ME... JOINED AT MY SIDE.

I HAVE LISTENED... BUT THERE IS ONLY SILENCE.

I WAS... DISPLEASED AS YOU LINGERED IN WHITBY--AGAINST MY ORDERS. IT WAS ONLY YOUR CHANCE MEETING WITH HOLMES THAT SAVED YOU IN MY EYES.

MY SPIES TELL ME HE WAS DRIVEN QUITE MAD FROM THE ENCOUNTER. THIS PLEASES ME ENOUGH TO FORGIVE YOU.

I AM IMMINENT FROM YOUR THREATS, MORIARTY.





WE SHALL SEE. YES--? WHAT IS IT?

PROFESSOR-- OH, AH, EXCUSE ME SIR... IT'S ABOUT THE **SHADOWING** JOB, SIR.

BE QUIET! COME IN AND CLOSE THE DOOR.



YOU WERE SAYING?

IT-IT'S THE **BROTHER**, SIR... I--

YOU LOST HIM. HE WAS TOO CLEVER FOR YOU.

YES SIR. I LOST HIM. I TRIED TAKING A **SHOT** AT HIM, BUT THE STREETS WERE SO CROWDED--



IDIOT! I TOLD YOU-- NO KILLING!

NO SIR! I DIDN'T! HAVE **MERCEEEEEEEEEEE!**



HE IS TOO IMPORTANT-- DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? HIS DEATH WOULD BRING RUIN UPON US!

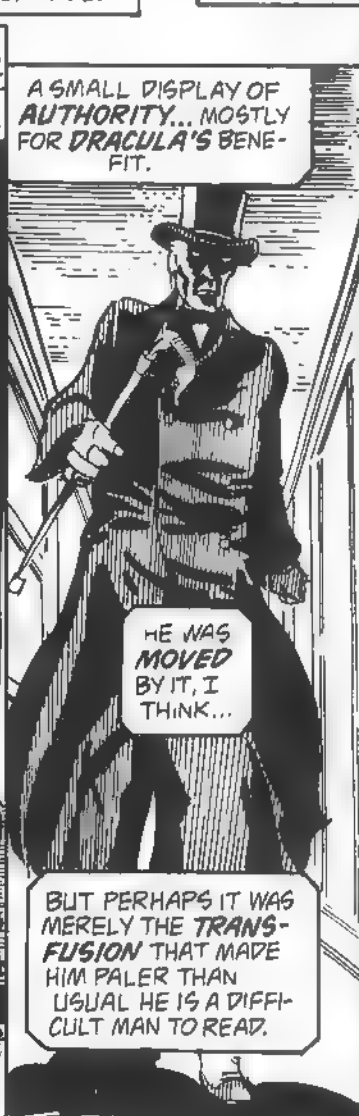
DAMN YOU!

NOOOOOOOOOO! PLEEEEEEASE!



CONSIDER YOURSELF **BLESSED**... I DON'T OFTEN ALLOW A **SECOND CHANCE**.

.....OH JESUS..... GOD.....



A SMALL DISPLAY OF **AUTHORITY**... MOSTLY FOR **DRACULA'S** BENEFIT.

HE WAS **MOVED** BY IT, I THINK...

BUT PERHAPS IT WAS MERELY THE **TRANS-FUSION** THAT MADE HIM PALER THAN USUAL HE IS A DIFFICULT MAN TO READ.



TAP TAP

NO MATTER. WITH HIS **BLOOD** FUSING MY UNDERGROUND SOLDIERS, I SHALL SOON HAVE NO FURTHER NEED OF HIM.

VERY SOON, I THINK.



OH--! DO COME IN, SIR!
WE ARE FEELING
MORE CHIPPER
TODAY.

I CANNOT
STAY. IS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE
YOU REQUIRE
HERE, ANNA?



NO, PROFESSOR--
NOT A THING. ALL IS
BETTER, SIR. TRULY
IT IS.

HER EYES...



... THEY ARE FILLED
WITH DEATH.

YOU WORRY
TOO MUCH...
YOU LOOK
PALE.

DO I--?
PERHAPS WE
BOTH SHALL
HAVE A STROLL
IN THE SUNSHINE
TOMORROW.

LOVELY!
I'LL BE
STRONG
ENOUGH--
YOU'LL
SEE.

SHE DOESN'T KNOW.

SHE MUST **NEVER**
KNOW. I WILL NOT
ALLOW IT.

HOLMES IS GONE NOW--A
RANTING IMBECIL... HIS
FINELY-TUNED BRAIN SHAT-
TERED UPON HIS EXPOSURE
TO OCCULT REALITY. I'VE
TIME TO **THINK** NOW.



TIME TO THINK.



AND NOW A NEW
ENEMY TO
BATTLE.

I MUST... I WILL
SAVE HER.

EVEN AT THE RISK TO HER
OWN PRECIOUS **SOUL**.

GOOD EVENING,
PROFESSOR
MORIARTY.

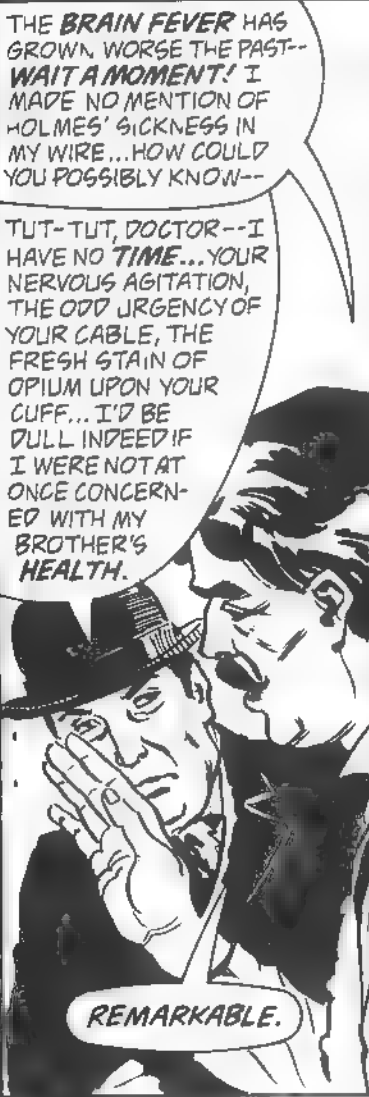


YOU! ARE YOU
MAD? I ORDERED
YOU TO KEEP TO
THE INNER CHAM-
BERS. YOU MUSTN'T
BE SEEN LIKE
THIS!



YOU MEAN
THAT DRACULA
MUSTN'T SEE
HIS BELOVED
LUCY...

...ALIVE!





HE'S BEEN *RANTING* FOR DAYS ABOUT THIS MYSTERIOUS WOMAN...KEPT INSISTING THAT YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND.

REGRETTABLY, I DO NOT.

...ONLY YOU... MYCROFT... ONLY YOU CAN SAVE ME.

WILL YOU...? WILL YOU...?

OF COURSE I WILL, SHERLOCK. NEVER FEAR...SHE, AH, IS GONE. *I SWEAR.* YOU ARE SAFE NOW.

SAFE...? SAFE...

LET'S COME AWAY... HE'LL SLEEP SOON.

VERY WELL. I SHALL RETURN TO LOOK IN ON YOU, SHERLOCK. *REST* NOW. YOU MUST GET WELL.

...AND... YOU WILL NOT LET HER COME...MYCROFT? YOU PROMISE...?

I PROMISE. I WILL PROTECT YOU.

HE'S FINALLY OUT, POOR SOUL. I WILL GIVE HIM THE BEST CARE POSSIBLE, MR. HOLMES.

I KNOW YOU WILL, DOCTOR. MY BROTHER IS MOST FORTUNATE TO HAVE SUCH A FRIEND.

'I WILL EXPECT REGULAR REPORTS, DR. WATSON.'

'CERTAINLY. I'LL WRITE DAILY UPON HIS CONDITION...'

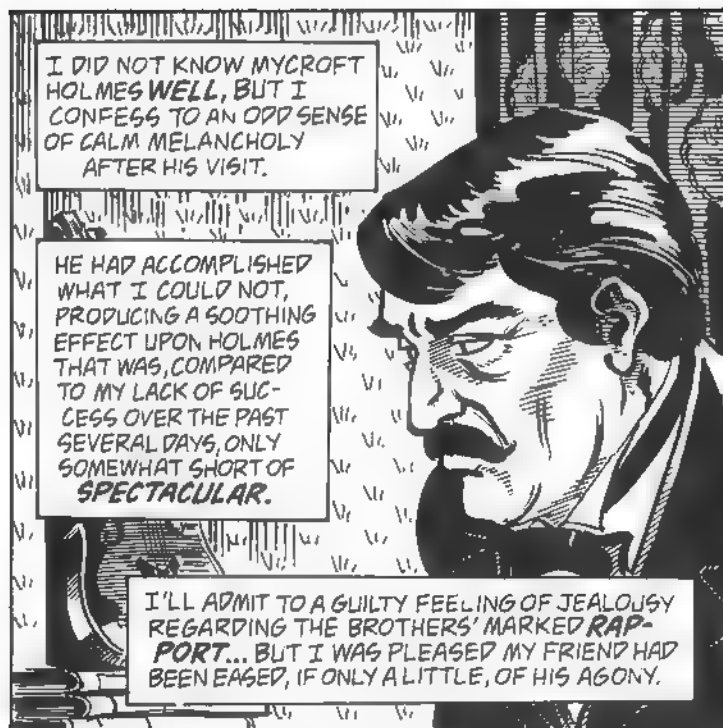
...AND YOU MUSTN'T WORRY--HE'LL SLEEP THE REST OF THE NIGHT.'

'THANK YOU FOR COMING, MR. HOLMES--I DOUBT I COULD HAVE CALMED HIM WITHOUT YOU.'

'NOT AT ALL...IT IS MY BUSINESS...'

'WE ARE A FAMILY AFTER ALL...'

'... AND HAVE BEEN THROUGH *MUCH* TOGETHER.'



I DID NOT KNOW MYCROFT HOLMES WELL, BUT I CONFESS TO AN ODD SENSE OF CALM MELANCHOLY AFTER HIS VISIT.

HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED WHAT I COULD NOT, PRODUCING A SOOTHING EFFECT UPON HOLMES THAT WAS, COMPARED TO MY LACK OF SUCCESS OVER THE PAST SEVERAL DAYS, ONLY SOMEWHAT SHORT OF SPECTACULAR.

I'LL ADMIT TO A GUILTY FEELING OF JEALOUSY REGARDING THE BROTHERS' MARKED **RAP-PORT**... BUT I WAS PLEASED MY FRIEND HAD BEEN EASED, IF ONLY A LITTLE, OF HIS AGONY.



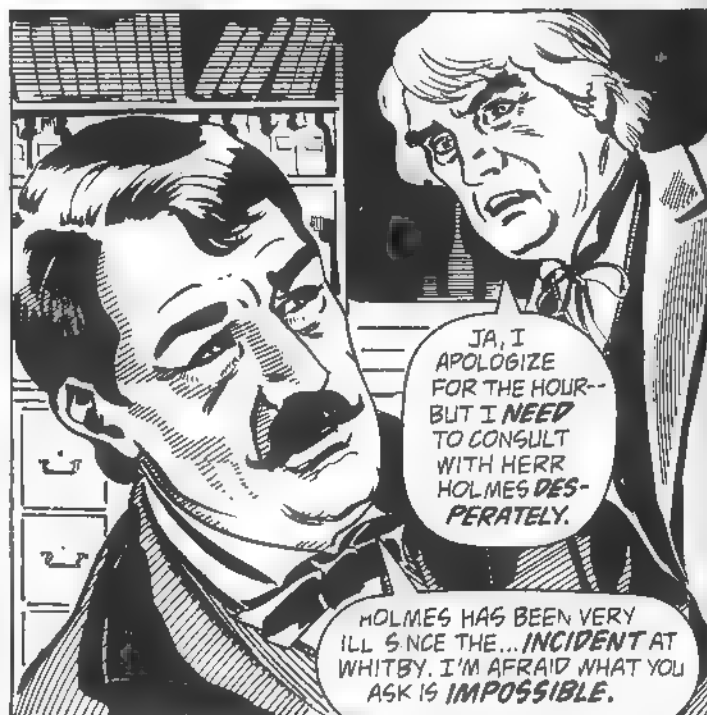
OF COURSE, I HAD TOLD MYCROFT HOLMES NOTHING OF OUR "**VAMPIRE ADVENTURE**." HE WAS A VERY IMPORTANT MAN AT PARLIAMENT, AND PERHAPS EVEN SUPERIOR TO HIS MORE FAMOUS BROTHER IN MATTERS OF MIND AND REASON...

IT WOULDN'T DO TO TELL SUCH A MAN TALES OF **BLOODSUCKING GHOSTS**.



DR. WATSON! PARDON MY INTRUSION--I SAW YOUR LIGHTS...I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

IT IS VERY LATE, DR. VAN HELSING...



JA, I APOLOGIZE FOR THE HOUR-- BUT I **NEED** TO CONSULT WITH HERR HOLMES **DES- PERATELY**.

HOLMES HAS BEEN VERY ILL SINCE THE... **INCIDENT AT WHITBY**. I'M AFRAID WHAT YOU ASK IS **IMPOSSIBLE**.



IF SO, THIS CITY-- JA, THIS NATION IS DOOMED.

HOLMES MUST BE BROUGHT INTO THIS-- THERE IS WORK, **WILD WORK** TO BE DONE!

JUST WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



IT IS MY FAULT... **MINE ALONE**... I TAKE THE FULL BLAME. YET I CAN NOT STOP THIS HORROR I HAVE LET LOOSE...

SPEAK PLAINLY! WHAT "HORROR?" WHAT HAPPENED?

LUCY WESTENRA... SHE IS ALIVE IN THIS CITY-- AS A **VAMPIRE**.

GOTT HELP ME.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU WERE GOING TO PUT HER AT **REST**. THE STAKE...

JA, JA-- AND I WAS THERE BEFORE SUN-DOWN... BUT HER BODY WAS GONE FROM THE CRYPT ALREADY.

GONE? IN THE DAY-LIGHT?

I CAN NOT EXPLAIN IT MYSELF. REGARDLESS-- WE MUST **STOP** HER, DR. WATSON. **WE MUST!**

WHAT CAN I DO?

NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME--NOT SCOTLAND YARD... **NO ONE**. YOU CAN HELP ME **CONVINCE** THEM.

I KNOW THE **DANGER**, DR. VAN HELSING, AND WILL HELP ANYWAY I CAN.

THANK YOU, SIR. I ONLY PRAY IT HASN'T YET **STARTED**. THE VAMPIRE PLAGUE SPREADS FAST. MANY WILL FALL PREY TO THE BLOOD-LUST--WHILE OTHERS ARE **INFUSED** WITH THE CREATURE'S OWN TAINTED BLOOD... BECOMING MONSTERS **THEMSELVES**.

THIS WAS THE CASE WITH **MISS LUCY**.

"THEN YOU EXPECT AN **EPIDEMIC!** HOW WILL IT START?"

"I'VE SPENT A LIFETIME IN SCRUTINY OF THESE BEINGS...WHETHER IN EUROPE, AFRICA OR THE ORIENT--THE SYMPTOMS REMAIN THE SAME.

"IT ALWAYS STARTS **SMALL**...

"...VAGUE..."

"...ALMOST **UNNOTICED**."

"UNTIL IT IS **THERE**..."

...AND YOU CAN IGNORE IT **NO MORE**."

TAP
TAP

"THEY ARE CLEVER.
THE PROMISES--THE
LIES FOOL MANY.



IN THEIR AWESOME
SCOPE OF ABILITIES,
THERE ARE TWO
SUBTLE DECEPTIONS
MOST EFFECTIVE.



"...THEY ARE **NOT**
WHAT THEY SEEM..."

'... AND WE WILL NOT
BELIEVE IN THEM.



'AND--BY THE TIME
YOUR AUTHORITIES
DISCOVER THE
TRUTH...



CLICK!

"...IT IS ALREADY
TOO LATE."





THEN--WE'VE NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE! WHAT IS OUR FIRST MOVE?

MY PRIVATE LIBRARY IN HARLEY STREET. I'VE BOOKS AND DOCUMENTED EVIDENCE THAT MAY PERSUADE THE YARD IF YOU PRESENT THEM.

KNOWLEDGE IS OUR MOST POTENT WEAPON.

MY SENTIMENT EXACTLY, VAN HELSING.

HOLMES! YOU SHOULDN'T BE UP!

BUT I AM. IF THERE IS ACTUAL EVIDENCE FOR WHAT I HAVE SEEN...

...IF THESE THINGS ARE GENUINE...

...THEN, OLD FRIEND, I MUST KNOW.

GET YOUR REVOLVER--WE MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.

VERY WELL--BUT THIS IS AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT.

I'M DELIGHTED YOU ARE JOINING US, HERR HOLMES. YOUR BRAIN WILL BE A TREMENDOUS DEFENSE--

--BUT I FEAR DR. WATSON'S FIREARM WILL BE USELESS AGAINST WHAT WE SEEK

HAVE IT YOUR WAY. BUT I MUST DEMAND YOU OBEY MY ORDERS--I MUST BE MASTER HERE OR I CAN DO NOTHING.

GRANTED, YOU MAY BE THE DUTCH "KING OF THE GHOST-HUNTERS," DOCTOR, BUT YOU ARE IN MY CITY.

WE'VE MORE TO DREAD THAN PHANTOMS. WATSON ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES ME ARMED.

ALWAYS, DR. VAN HELSING.

WE WILL NEED AN INCONSPICUOUS PATH TO YOUR FLAT...

...AND NO ONE KNOWS THE BACKWAYS OF LONDON BETTER THAN I.

WHY TAKE THESE SULLEN ALLEYS, HERR HOLMES? SURELY THE MAIN STREETS WOULD BE **SAFER**.

MERELY A SMALL DETOUR, VAN HELSING, THAT MAY SAVE OUR **LIVES**. ASSASSINING COULD BE LITERALLY **EVERYWHERE**.

COFF-COFF

PLEASE, SUH-- COULD YA SPARE A COPPER FER AN OLD SOLDIER, SUH?

EH--? WHY, OF COURSE. HERE YOU ARE.

I WAS IN THE ARMY MYSELF.

...THAT MAKES US-- **BLOOD BROTHERS!**

GOOD GOD!

ROOARR!

GET HIM OFF! **GET HIM OFF!**

WATSON-- YOUR REVOLVER!!

STAY YOUR WEAPON, DOCTOR-- I HAVE THE MEANS TO STOP HIM!

YOU SEE? HE IS HELPLESS AGAINST THE HOLY RELIC! THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF OUR **WAR**.

I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO JOIN YOU. I MUST... RETURN TO BAKER STREET.

HOLMES, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET BACK SAFELY.

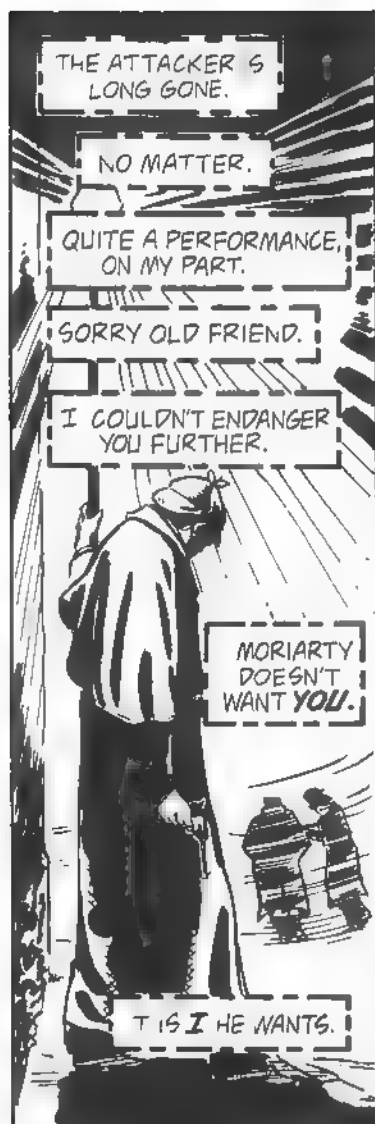
NO! FOLLOW THAT MAN... HE MAY BE A **KEY ELEMENT**. I **INSIST**, WATSON.

BUT HOLMES-- I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D--

I AM A **FOOL**, WATSON... I SHOULD'VE EXPECTED THAT ATTACK.

THE REVOLVER. YES. THANK YOU. **NOW HURRY!**

AHHHHHH! THE CROSS!





IT CAN NOT BE.

WATSON PRONOUNCED
HER DEAD...ATTENDED
HER FUNERAL.



LUCY WESTENRA.

YOU REMEMBER
ME... I'M
FLATTERED.

I RECALL
FROM YOUR
TALES THAT
YOU DON'T
NORMALLY
NOTICE
YOUNG
LADIES...

STAY AWAY
FROM ME--



...BUT I AM NOT
LIKE THE OTHERS--
AM I, MR. HOLMES?



NOT AT
ALL LIKE
THEM.



PLEASE...
DON'T...

COME--LET
ME **SHOW**
YOU!



DO YOU **SEE...**
DETECTIVE--?



I AM
EVERY-
THING
YOU'VE
EVER
DREAMT
OF.



NO...
**NO! KEEP
AWAY!**









THOSE SHOTS---!
THERE! IT'S
HOLMES!

HOLMES!
STAND
WHERE
YOU ARE!



TAKE CARE,
DOCTOR!

IT CAN DO NOTHING
WHILE I HAVE
THIS!



VAN HELSING!

YOU HAVE
INTERFERED
THE FINAL
TIME!



GONE--INTO
THE FOG!
VANISHED!
INCRED-
IBLE!

THEN YOU
SAW THEM,
WATSON!
BOTH OF
THEM?

CALM
YOURSELF,
MY FRIEND
IT IS
OVER.



OVER! HA!
IT HAS JUST
BEGUN!

ALL IS RIGHT
AS RAIN!

HOLMES?
YOU AREN'T
YOURSELF.



I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR
WATSON, I AM PERFECTLY
FIT-- THE FEVER HAS
PASSED. AT LAST--
BRAIN-WORK!

WHAT
CONVINCES
YOU NOW, HERR
HOLMES, THAT
THIS EPISODE--
LIKE YOUR
PREVIOUS
ENCOUNTER--
IS NOT A MERE
HALLUCINA-
TION?



SIMPLICITY ITSELF,
VAN HELSING.

WHEN YOU HAVE
ELIMINATED THE
IMPOSSIBLE, WHAT
EVER REMAINS--
HOWEVER IMPROB-
ABLE-- **MUST
BE THE
TRUTH!**

THIS GOWN
IS NO ILLUSION,
GENTLEMEN.

NOR THE
FRESH **BLOOD**
ON IT.



VAMPIRIC BLOOD! DO YOU REALIZE THE OPPORTUNITY THIS PRESENTS?

I DO INDEED. WE SHALL KNOW THEM INTIMATELY NOW-- DOWN TO THE VERY BIOLOGY OF THEIR UNIQUE METABOLISM.

IT'S WONDERFUL HAVING YOU BACK, OLD FRIEND.

I OWE YOU MY LIFE, WATSON...



...AND TO YOU, DOCTOR VAN HELSING.

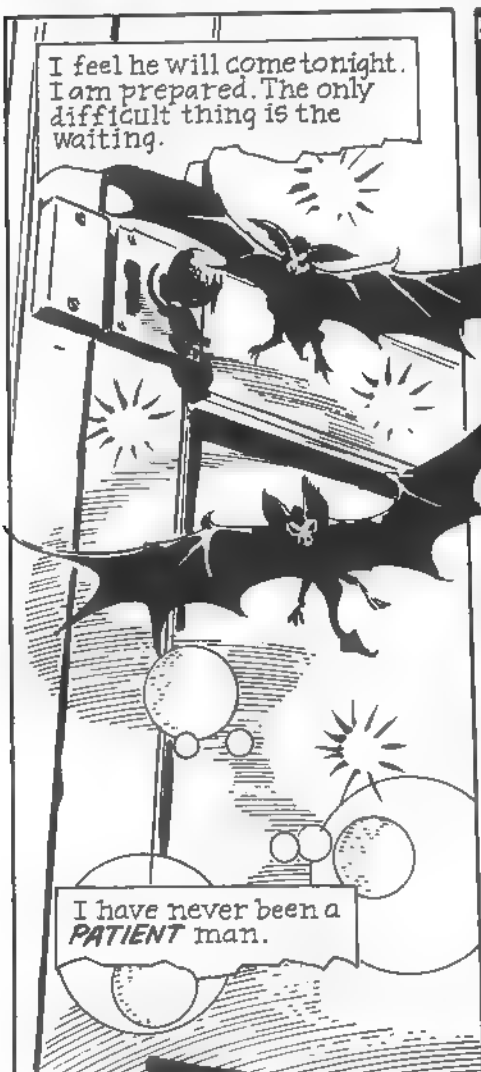
COME--WE MUST WORK QUICKLY.. "KNOWLEDGE IS OUR MOST POTENT WEAPON."

HA, HA! WELL SPOKEN HERR HOLMES.



Journal entry 8 April, 1891

The end of the truce is near. Have doubled the evening guards accordingly



I feel he will come tonight. I am prepared. The only difficult thing is the waiting.

I have never been a PATIENT man.



On to more vital items.



The French serum has failed. Anna feels I should have continued the treatments for another month. We don't HAVE another month.

Received word this evening that the American specialist is willing to discuss terms.

Ruby is taking good care of his infant son until such time he develops a cure.

He has *TWO WEEKS*.

Ah...

He has arrived as expected.

TRAITOR!

YOU HAVE USED ME, MORIARTY... MADE A MOCKERY OF MY HONOUR.

OUR ALLIANCE IS FINISHED.

AS ARE YOU--
AHHHHH!

I AM READY FOR THIS VISIT, COUNT. AS YOU CAN SEE.

SO--YOU'VE SEEN YOUR PRECIOUS LUCY. TOO BAD. I DIDN'T WISH OUR COLLABORATION TO END SO SUDDENLY.

I NEEDED THE GIRL, YOU SEE... A CREATURE OF *YOUR BLOOD*-- YET MORE PLIABLE TO MY WILL.

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER. BRINGING HER BODY HERE AFTER **BURIAL**.

THE CROSS WILL NOT SAVE YOU. A THOUSAND MEN FELL BY MY HAND **CENTURIES** BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.

I NEED NOT **TOUCH** YOU--

--TO KILL YOU!

TOUCHE.

BANG BANG

AAAARRRGHH!

IT IS THE STING OF PURE **SILVER** THAT YOU FEEL... DISSOLVING IN YOUR BLOOD, THE LETHAL GRAINS RACING THROUGH YOUR VEINS.

I REGRET THIS ACTION. GENUINELY, I DO. YOU WERE A FORMIDABLE ALLY, COUNT DRACULA.

MUCH TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE.

SHE WAS QUITE **LOVELY**...THE
LITTLE STREET WOMAN.

I WAS THERE WHEN SHE
SPOKE SOFTLY TO THE
GENTLEMAN ON THE DIMLY-
LIGHTED CORNER.

I WATCHED HER ENTER HIS
CARRIAGE...WATCHED **PAIN-
FULLY** AS THEY COUPLED
AND THEN DREW APART,
CHILLED BY THEIR SUDDEN
SWEAT

I HAD FOLLOWED
HER ALL EVENING,
ALTHOUGH SHE
NEVER HEARD MY
GENTLE TREAD.

HER **BREATH**
WAS LIKE WATER
FLOWERS...ALL
THROATY AND
WET.

OVER HIS SHOULDER
I WATCHED AS HE
TOOK HER HOME, UN-
LOCKING HER DOOR
AS A GENTLEMAN
SHOULD.

... THIS WAS NO **HOME**.
I ENTERED EASILY,
UNINVITED

HOW **WONDERFUL**.
I LEFT THEM
BOTH STILL, **COLD--**
A FROST SHIM-
MERING UPON
THEIR SKINS

FAR ABOVE I THINK
I HEAR THE **THUNDER**
OF A TEMPEST..

THERE WAS A
CARNAL REEK
WITHIN THE PLACE
THAT ASSURED ME
THAT THIS WAS NO
LIVING NICHE...
ALTHOUGH SHE
SLEPT THERE...

HE WAS A LITTLE
DRUNK, A LITTLE
LOUD. "QUIET," SHE
WHISPERED, "YOU'LL
WAKE MY..." AND
I FOUND **IT.**

...OR IS IT THE
WILD BEATING
OF MY **HEART?**

PLAGUE

TOO
DANGEROUS
TO LIVE,
COUNT
DRACULA

YOU'VE
LIVED SO
LONG
ALREADY...

YOU
WILL FIND
PEACE--OR HELL
WITH THIS LAST
SILVER
BULLET.

I
DON'T CARE
WHICH.

MORIARTY'S LAIR IS NO
DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHER
PERVERSE COURTS OF ANCIENT
TRANSYLVANIA.

MARTIN POWELL
WRITER
WAYNER R. SMITH
CO-PLOTTER
SEPPO MAKINEN
ILLUSTRATOR
PAT BROSSAU
LETTERER
CHRIS ULM
EDITOR

BASED UPON CHARACTERS CREATED BY
S R ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE & BRAM STOKER

MAD MEN AND
TRAITORS
THINKING THEM-
SELVES KINGS...











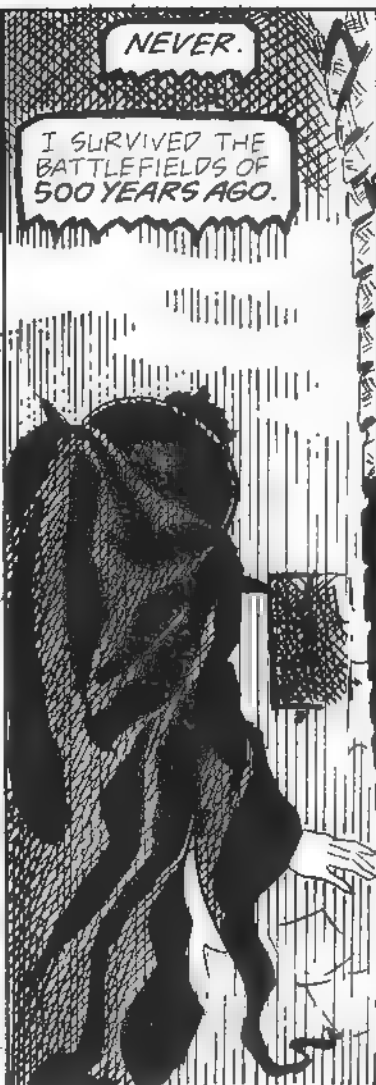
NO...NO!
AWAY FROM
ME!

LEAVE
ME ALONE!



I WILL NOT GIVE IN

I WILL NEVER
BOW TO **DEATH**.



NEVER.

I SURVIVED THE
BATTLEFIELDS OF
500 YEARS AGO.



NOW HELL AWAITS AGAIN

BJT-- AS BEFORE

...WHERE THERE
ARE **ALLIES**...



...THERE IS HOPE.

DON METRO THEATRE
SARAH BERNHARDT
AND THAMMIE
LSD STARRING ELLE
OPHELIA





GOOD LORD, HOLMES--
HAVE YOU BEEN UP ALL
NIGHT? YOU SHOULDN'T
STRAIN YOURSELF SO
SOON AFTER YOUR
ILLNESS.

MOST
NECESSARY, I
ASSURE YOU, WATSON...
BESIDES, YOU KNOW MY
CURIOUS HABITS... WORK
NEVER TIRES ME,
THOUGH IDLENESS
EXHAUSTS ME
COMPLETELY.

YOU'VE
DISCOVERED
SOMETHING,
THEN?

HMMM?
YES PERHAPS.
A FEW MORE
TESTS, I
THINK.



WELL, IN ANY CASE, SOME
FRESH AIR WOULDN'T
HURT HOLMES-- I
BELIEVE THAT IS DR.
VAN HELSING AT
THE DOOR.

WERE
YOU EX-
PECTING
HIM THIS
EARLY?
HOLMES--?

HOLMES,
I SAID--



OH YES VAN
HELSEING REALLY?
HE IS CERTAINLY
EFFICIENT--FOR
A MAN OF HIS
AGE

LET
HIM IN, OLD
FELLOW



ABRAHAM! COME IN!
WE WERE EXPECTING
YOU LATER

GOOD
MORNING,
JOHN

I
HASTENED
MY VISIT BY
WORKING
THROUGH THE
NIGHT...



...AND--JUDGING FROM THESE **ODOROUS** CHEMICALS--IT SEEMS HERR HOLMES HAS SHARED MY INSOMNIA.

HA! TRUE ENOUGH, ABRAHAM. THERE'S NO HOPE IN GETTING **ANYTHING** OUT OF HIM JUST YET, SO...

...WHY DON'T **WE** DISCOVER WHAT CULINARY CONCOCTIONS MRS. HUDSON HAS PREPARED THIS--

ON THE CONTRARY.



I'M QUITE FINISHED, WATSON. GOOD MORNING, DR. VAN HELSING. FROM YOUR EXPRESSION I SUSPECT YOU'VE **NEWS** FOR US?

JA, HERR HOLMES, A FRUITFUL NIGHT'S INVESTIGATION. I DISCOVERED--NOT ONLY ONE OF OUR ENEMY'S HIDING PLACES--BUT HIS **IDENTITY**, AND POINT OF ORIGIN--

TRANSYLVANIA, PERHAPS?

HOW--?!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I WAS **ALL NIGHT** GATHERING THAT INFORMATION... HOW COULD YOU **POSSIBLY** KNOW?

NO MAGIC, DOCTOR. THE SAMPLE OF **SOIL** I FOUND IN MISS WESTENRA'S BEDROOM WAS CLEARLY **NOT** ENGLISH EARTH IN REFERRING TO MY THREE MONOGRAPHS ON THE SOIL AND CLAY OF BRITAIN AND CENTRAL EUROPE, I WAS ABLE TO LOCATE THE REGION IN ONLY A FEW HOURS.

EXTRAORDINARY.



"COMMONPLACE, DOCTOR, ONE NEEDS MERELY TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK. NOW THEN YOU HAVE MORE TO OFFER US?"

"IT WAS **HIS** OFFICE THAT HAD HANDLED THE SHIPPING ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE FIFTY WOODEN BOXES ABOARD **THE DEMETER**. THE CRATES WERE INVOICED AS CONTAINING **MOLD**. THEIR DESTINATION WAS **WHITBY**. THE ENTIRE CARGO OWNED BY A NOBLEMAN, ORIGINATING FROM **TRANSYLVANIA**.

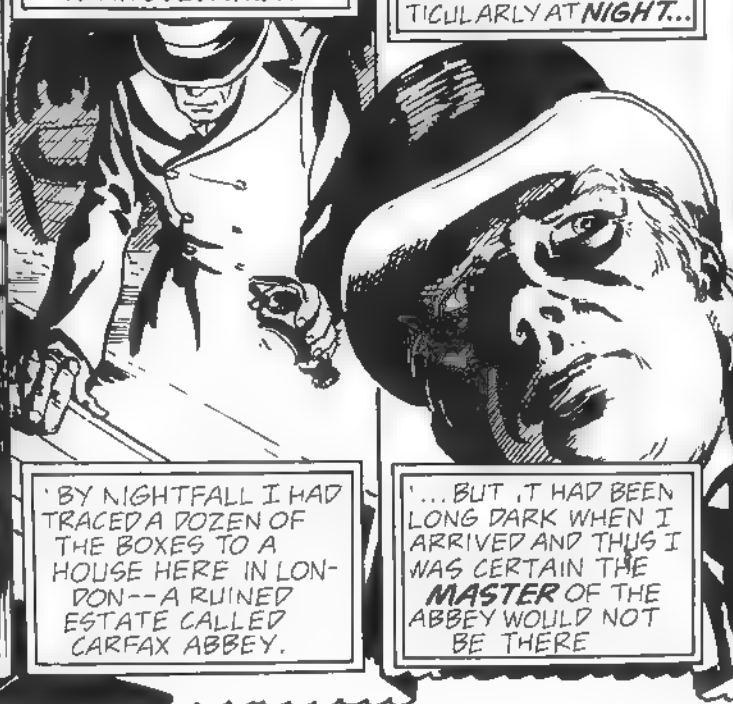
I WISH I COULD DESCRIBE THE **VILE** ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE. EVERY EVIL BREATH FROM THAT **MONSTER** CLUNG TO THE VERY WALLS AND RAFTERS.

"IF ONLY YOU COULD FEEL THE UNEARTHLY **MOOD** OF THE AWFUL PLACE--PARTICULARLY AT **NIGHT**...

"I KNEW THIS YET

SOMEHOW

I FELT NOT ALONE."



'JA, I BELIEVE SO...MY MANY INTERVIEWS OF THE DAY CLIMAXED IN MY MEETING A MR. PETER HAWKINS--A LOCAL SOLICITOR.

'BY NIGHTFALL I HAD TRACED A DOZEN OF THE BOXES TO A HOUSE HERE IN LONDON--A RUINED ESTATE CALLED CARFAX ABBEY.

'...BUT, IT HAD BEEN LONG DARK WHEN I ARRIVED AND THUS I WAS CERTAIN THE **MASTER** OF THE ABBEY WOULD NOT BE THERE



G'EVEN, SAH. DIDN'T MEAN TA SCARE YE...

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

COULD YE SPARE A COPPER FER OL' ROSINE, SAH?

YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED ME. WHY ARE YOU IN THIS TERRIBLE PLACE?

TERRIBLE--IS IT? POOR OL' ROSINE DON'T KNOW IT FROM WINDSOR PALACE...GOTS TA KEEP THE WIND OFF ME BACKSIDE, Y'KNOW.. 'TIS A FINE, BIG HOUSE...

UH, SO HOW 'BOLTS ME COPPERS, SAH?

SURELY, YOU MUST HAVE A HOME, MADAME--?

HOME? OL' ROSINE'S GOT'S HOMES ALL OVER... ON HARLEY STREET AND OXFORD AND--

0000000H

MADAME!

IT-IT'S JEST THE DIZZIES, SAH. CAIN'T MEMBER WHEN ME LAST MEAL WAS

HERE, MY GOOD MADAME-- THERE'S ENOUGH FOR A WARM BED AND A GOOD BREAKFAST IN THE MORN-ING BUT YOU MUST PROMISE TO STAY AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE... IT IS DANGEROUS IN WAYS YOU WOULDN'T UNDER-STAND.

AHHH! GOD BLESS YOL FOR AGENTLE-MAN!

'ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US'!

"EXCUSE ME, DOCTOR ARE YOU CERTAIN SHE SAID THOSE EXACT WORDS?"

'I AM, HERR HOLMES. IT SEEMED ODD TO ME AT THE TIME.. STRANGELY FAMILIAR.

'INDEED. IT IS A DIRECT QUOTE--ACT I, SCENE IV, OF HAMLET.

"AH, OF COLRSE! I'D HEARD IT BE-FORE. CURIOUS THAT SUCH A PITIFUL CREATURE WOULD COMMIT SHAKESPEARE TO MEMORY."

'QUITE SO PLEASE CONTINUE."

AFTER WATCHING HER LEAVE SAFELY, I PROCEEDED TO SANCTIFY THE COFFINS WITH HOLY WATER, SO NOW THE MONSTER CAN NO LONGER FIND SHELTER AT CARFAX. OF COURSE THERE ARE MANY MORE COFFINS TO FIND--AND DESTROY.

INTERESTING, DOCTOR-- BUT YOU HAVE NEGLECTED TO NAME THIS MYSTERIOUS TRANSYLVANIAN NOBLEMAN.

HOW CLUMSY OF ME! I AM NOT USED TO RELATING ADVENTURES. HIS NAME IS COUNT DRACULA.

DRACULA? HMMM.

YOUR ACCOUNT OF THE OLD WOMAN IS INTRIGUING, VAN HELSING. I FEAR THIS **DRACULA** WILL HAVE **ANOTHER** PLACE TO REST TODAY BECAUSE OF HER.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HOLMES?

I OBSERVE A SLIGHT STAIN OF **GREASEPAINT** ON THIS SLEEVE--FROM YOUR HANDS BRUSHING TOGETHER AS SHE TOOK THE COINS. NO DOUBT THE WOMAN WAS AN **ACTRESS** ARRANGED TO DUPE YOU, VAN HELSING.

BUT--BUT TO WHAT PURPOSE?

HMMM. THE FAINTING ACT MAY BE THE CLUE FALLING AGAINST THE OPEN COFFIN, SHE WAS ABLE TO SMUGGLE AWAY ONE OR TWO HANDFULS OF THE FOREIGN EARTH INTO HER GARMENTS...

...WITH NO OTHER MOTIVE BUT TO CREATE, BY PROXY, ANOTHER "**GRAVE**" FOR OUR VAMPIRE.

JA, HERR HOLMES YOUR REASONING IS **CLEAR**. I WAS BLIND--**STUPID**.

NOT AT ALL, DOCTOR. REMEMBER, WE ARE DEALING WITH AN EXTREMELY CLUNNING FOE--THE SOIL-FILLED BOXES ATTEST TO HIS **GENIUS**. HE ANTICIPATES OUR EVERY MOVE. WE MUST BE **CAREFUL**. READY, WATSON?

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

THE BRITISH MUSEUM. IT'S HIGH TIME WE LEARNED SOMETHING ABOUT **COUNT DRACULA**.

I SUGGEST YOU CONTINUE YOUR SEARCH FOR THE REMAINING BOXES, DR. VAN HELSING.

AND, I THINK, YOU WILL APPRECIATE THE **IRONY** IN THE ANSWERS REVEALED FROM YESTERDAY'S TELEGRAMS. IT SEEMS THE ENTIRE VOYAGE AND CARGO OF THE DEMETER WAS FINANCED BY A MR. "MORTIMER JAMES" OF LONDON.

MORTIMER JAMES--AH! THAT WOULD BE YOUR NOTORIOUS PROFESSOR **JAMES MORIARTY**, I PRESUME?

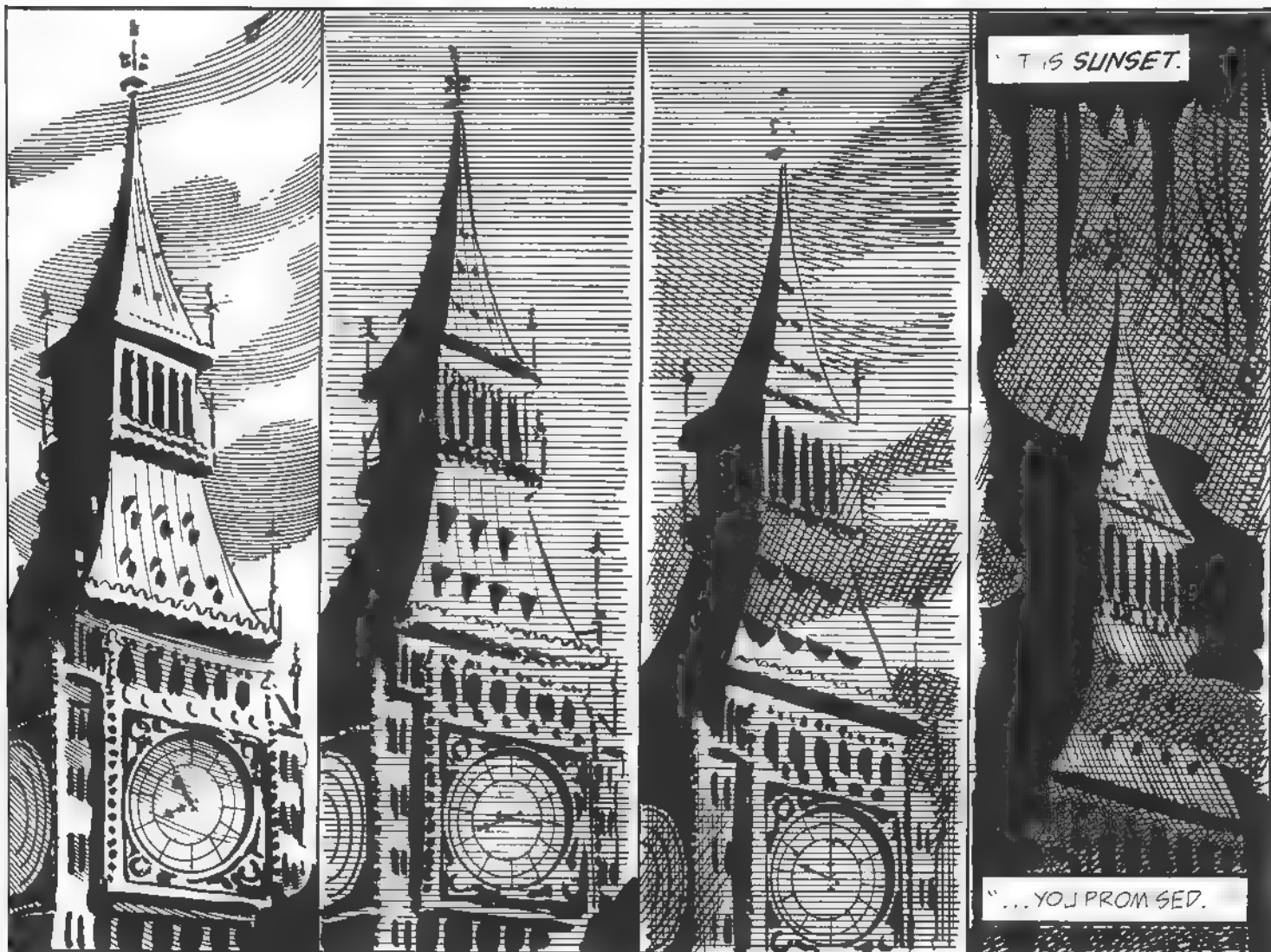
UNDOUBTEDLY THERE IS MORE **EVIL** AFOOT THAN VAMPIRISM, DOCTOR. I FEAR MORIARTY PLANS TO POPULATE LONDON WITH THE PLAGUE--HIS FINAL REVENGE ON THIS GREAT CITY..

...AND MYSELF.

TOGETHER WE WILL STOP HIM, HERR HOLMES! WE WILL MEET AGAIN TOMMORROW, THEN?

IN THE MORNING, DOCTOR. **GOOD HUNTING!**

GOTT BE WITH THE BOTH OF YOU!



THIS SUNSET.

"...YOU PROMISED.



...IS HE DEAD?



HMPH--? AH, LUCY. IT IS YOU.

THE NIGHT IS HERE... ALREADY?



OBVIOUSLY

ONCE AGAIN, PROFESSOR MORIARTY--

--IS HE DEAD?



IS HE?
I MUST
KNOW!

CALM
YOURSELF,
THE COUNT
IS **DES-
TROYED**.

AS I
SAID HE
WOULD BE.



YOU ARE **CERTAIN?**
ABSOLUTE?

NO VAMPIRE
COULD SURVIVE
THE **SILVER
BULLETS** I
FIRED INTO
HIM

NOT
EVEN
DRACULA.

THEN...
THEN I AM
FREE! AT LAST!
CLEAR OF HIS
SHADOW!



FREE...YES,
BEFORE LONG

"BEFORE
LONG"? YOL
SAID HE IS
DEAD--

AND
HE IS. BUT
NOW, THE **REASON**
FOR YOUR EXIST-
ENCE HAS COME.
THE **CRISIS**... IS
HERE.

AHH...YOU
REFER TO THE
FAIR AGATHA--?



SHE IS **DYING**.
NOTHING HAS
SLOWED THE CON-
SUMPTION... SHE
WILL NOT LIVE
THROUGH THE
NIGHT.

LUCY...

SHE IS MY
ONLY CHILD...I
CAN NOT LOSE
HER.



I UNDER-
STAND,
PROFESSOR...
BUT WE MUST
ACT SWIFTLY--
WHILE THERE
IS STILL
BREATH
IN HER

OH! YOU
STARTLED
ME SIR..

...IT--
IT HAS
BECOME...VERY
BAD, MISS AGGIE...
SHE WON'T
AWAKE--



THAT IS ALL
FOR NOW, ANNA
**COME WITH
ME.**

SIR--
I...AS
YOU SAY,
PROFES-
SOR...

"...BUT IS IT PRUDENT,
SIR, TO LEAVE MISS AGGIE
ALONE WITH THAT...
CREATURE?"

AGATHA.

THE SCENT AND SHADOW OF
DEATH LINGERS HERE...

...BEHIND THE
SHROUDED VEIL

I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLACE.

THE GLOW OF LIFE
FLICKERS... LUNGS
RATTLE WITH
WEAKNESS...

...DREAMS ARE
BLACKENED
NIGHTMARES.

THE BED IS A COLD TOMB.

HER PASSIVE
MORTALITY
SICKENS ME...
FRIGHTENS
ME--

--WITH PALE MEMORIES OF
WHAT IT IS LIKE TO DIE.

I AM MORBIDLY DRAWN
TO THE FADING HOST--

--AS DEATH SWELLS
IN THE ROOM.

FATHER...?

I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE.

SHE SWEETLY COOS
LIKE AN INFANT...

WHO ARE
YOU...? WHERE
IS MY
FATHER?

...AND THE LOVELY
INNOCENCE FILLS ME
WITH JOY SO GREAT
I COULD **SCREAM**.

DEEPER...**DEEPER** I LOOK
INTO POOLS OF SHINING
OBSIDIAN...ANSWERING HER
IN WAYS ONLY **WE** CAN UN-
DERSTAND.

PLEASE...
TELL ME...

THE FLUTTER
OF HER LASHES...
THE CURVE OF
THE PERFECT LIPS...

...**EVERYTHING**
ABOUT HER--

--PULSES THROUGH ME,
RACING MY HEART INTO
A **WILD HEAT**.

SHE SMILES, KNOWING MY
PROMISES ARE REAL.

SHE GROWS COLDER...
HER GRAVE BECKONS.

DEATH WILL NOT COME.
NOT TONIGHT.

BLOOD
OF MY
BLOOD.

FLESH OF MY FLESH.

NOT DEATH...

..DEAR
ONE.

NOT TONIGHT.



THE BRANDY
DOESN'T
WARM ME.

I'VE DONE ALL I
COULD DO FOR HER.

MORE THAN ANY.

AGATHA WILL
FORGIVE ME
SHE WILL.

SHE
MUST.



IT IS
DONE.

THEN...
SHE WILL
NOT
DIE--?

THERE IS NO DEATH
FOR US. I HAVE GIVEN
TO AGATHA--AND SHE
HAS **TAKEN**.

TOMORROW
NIGHT SHE WILL
BE WITH YOU.

AND
WITH
ME.



GO THEN--
LEAVE
ME.

I NEED
TO BE ALONE
NOW. TO
THINK.

TO
PRAY



I'VE DONE
WHAT I
COULD

MORE
THAN
ANY.

SHE WILL
UNDERSTAND...
IN TIME.



AGATHA

GOD.

CRASH!

WHAT HAVE
I DONE...?



**KRRR
SEKK**



WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

THE ROOM--THE COFFIN IS UNFAMILIAR...

...THEATRICAL.

YET MY SACRED EARTH PROTECTS ME. THAT-- AND A LIVING SCENT **MOST** COMFORTING.



I REMEMBER

SARAH.

<NEVER FEAR--YOU ARE **SAFE**. I HAVE REMOVED THE BULLETS AND CLEANED THE WOUNDS. THEY ARE HEALING QUICKLY.>

<TAKE CARE! RISE SLOWLY OR YOU WILL TEAR THEM OPEN.>



<I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. IF YOU HADN'T RETURNED FROM CARFAX WITH THE **EARTH** ON TIME-->

<HUSH, NOW. HOLD STILL AND LET ME CHANGE THESE... THERE! SEE HOW BETTER THEY LOOK! I AM SURPRISED THAT A SOLDIER BRAVE AS YOU CARRIES SO **FEW** SCARS.>

<YOU HAVE BEEN... VERY KIND TO ME.>

<NONSENSE. THE NURSING IS EASY--I HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN THAT LONG, BLOODY WINTER I SPENT BANDAGING AND CARING FOR THE WOUNDED TROOPS IN PARIS. SUCH THINGS BECOME SECOND NATURE.>



<YOU ARE IN... GREAT JEOPARDY... I SHOULDN'T STAY.>

<THE RISK IS MINE.>

"<SARAH... WHY TAKE SUCH A CHANCE?>"

"<IT IS A DEBT REPAYED--A LIFE FOR A **LIFE**, COUNT DRACULA.>



<YOUR CHILDHOOD--YOUR WHOLE HUMAN LIFE, PROBABLY-- MUST SEEM LITTLE MORE THAN A **DREAM** BY NOW...>

"<... BUT TO A LONELY OFTEN ILL, AND **UN-WANTED** LITTLE GIRL >

"<... THE TIME OF YOUTH TRIGGERS BITTER MEMORIES >



"<... WHEN PEACE WAS FOUND AMONG THE **GRAVES**... AND WHOSE ONLY COMFORT WAS FINDING A FRIEND THAT WOULDN'T PULL AWAY.>

"< I GREW MORE AND MORE ILL... SLIPPING OUT INTO THE NIGHT SO AS TO SPEED MY TIME... CONTENTED MY PASSING WOULD MAKE THEM PITY ME... MAKE THEM LOVE ME.>



"< I HAD MADE FRIENDS WITH DEATH.>

"< I WAS TEN YEARS OLD.>"



"AND THEN I FIRST SAW **YOU**-- CHILD THAT I WAS -- I THOUGHT YOU A KING."



"< HOW FOOLISH OF ME... >

"< ...TO HAVE SUCH LITTLE IMAGINATION! >



"< IT WAS ELECTRIC... EPIC... THAT CHANCE MEETING... >

"< ...SO UNREAL, YET I FELT THE TRUTH OF IT. >



"< THE KNOWLEDGE CHANGED ME FOREVER... DASHING AWAY THE INNOCENCE OF AN UNWANTED CHILDHOOD, IN SPITE OF **EVERYTHING**... >



"< ... I FELT--FOR THE FIRST TIME-- ALIVE. >



"< I KNOW YOU ARE DYING-- >

"< BUT YOU WILL NOT. >



"< YOU NEED MY BLOOD. >

"< YOU NEED. >



"< COME TO ME... COUNT DRACULA... >

"< ...AND LIVE. >



IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC!

AGREED--BUT I BELIEVE OUR VAMPIRE TO BE THAT SAME **VOIVODE DRACULA** WHO WON HIS NAME AGAINST THE TURKS IN THE 15TH CENTURY.

IF SO, THEN HE IS NO COMMON MAN--A COURAGEOUS WARRIOR, A CUNNING STATESMAN--NO BRANCH OF STUDY WAS TOO DIFFICULT FOR HIM. AND SOMEHOW, WATSON, THAT GREAT BRAIN AND IRON RESOLUTION SURVIVED THE GRAVE **500 YEARS AGO**--AND IS NOW ARRAYED AGAINST US.

ACCORDING TO THE TRANSYLVANIAN SCHOLAR SZEKLEY, THE DRACULAS WERE KNOWN TO HAVE DEALINGS WITH THE **DEVIL**--WHICH MAY ACCOUNT FOR HIS PECULIAR NATURE. ALTHOUGH THAT IS CERTAINLY SURMISE, AND, IF I MAY SAY SO, A RATHER POOR ONE.



I CAN BELIEVE IT, FROM WHAT I READ THE MAN WAS A **MONSTER**.

AH, HE IS **MUCH** MORE THAN THAT, WATSON. BEFORE MY BELIEFS WERE FLAT-FOOTED UPON THE GROUND--NO GHOSTS NEED HAVE APPLIED.



AND NOW I AM FACED WITH **THIS**.

I IMAGINE IT **HAS** RATHER OPENED A NEW WORLD TO--



JOVE! WE'VE A BAD STORM COMING, HOLMES! PERHAPS WE SHOULD--

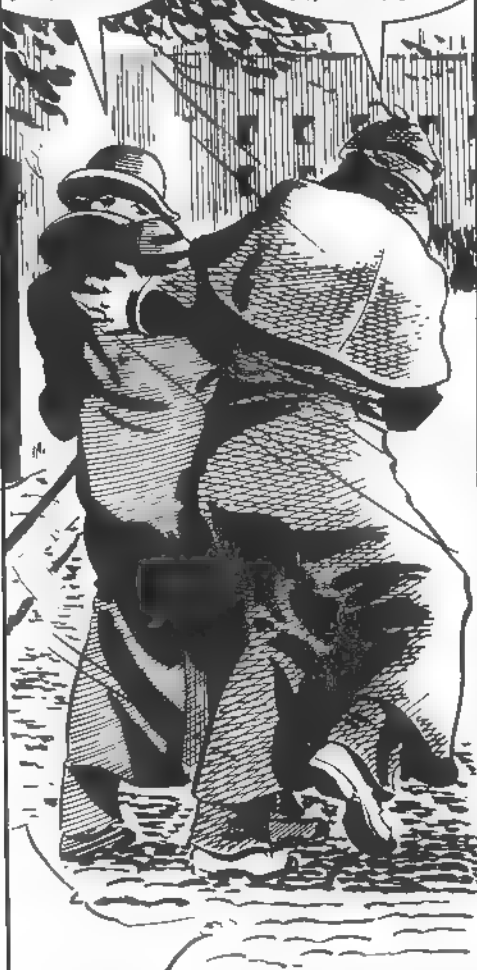
WATSON... **WAIT! WATSON!** HOLD STILL-- LET ME HAVE IT...!

THIS IS IT-- WATSON! CAN'T YOU SEE!



IN METRO THEATRE
SARAH BERNHARDT
HAMLET
ALSO STARRING ELLEN
ORCHIA

MY GOD, HOLMES! WHAT ON EARTH--?



HURRY! WE'VE NO TIME-- THE GAME IS AFOOT!

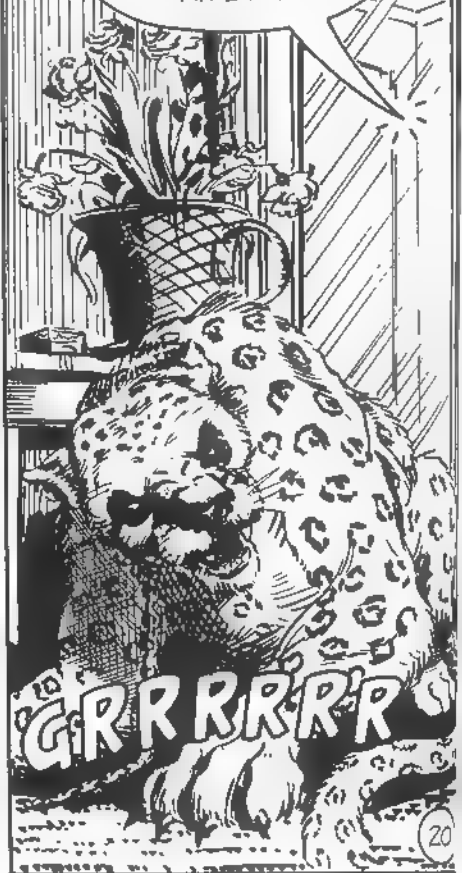
<HUSH, FELENA>



AAH-- WHO... IS IT... PLEASE?

KNOCK KNOCK
GRRRRRRR

EXCUSE US, MADAME BERNHARDT... I AM DR JOHN WATSON-- WITH MY FRIEND MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES... I WONDER IF WE MAY HAVE A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME...?



GRRRRRRR

SHERLOCK HOLMES!
ZE GREAT ENGLEESH DE-
TECTIVE! OUI? I KNOW
OF YOU FROM YOUR
BOOKS, MONSIEUR! PLEASE,
DO COME IN!

WE SHOULD
APOLOGIZE,
MADAME, FOR
CALLING UN-
ANNOUNCED...

I SEE
NO REASON
FOR PLEASANTRIES,
WATSON.

MADAME--I ACCUSE YOU
OF AIDING AND GRANTING
REFUGE TO THE KILLER
COUNT DRACULA! IT'S
NO GOOD TO DENY IT--I
KNOW YOU WERE AT
CARFAX ABBEY IN H.G BE-
HALF. I KNOW YOU HAVE
BEEN **PROTECTING HIM!**

PARDON??
I DON'T...
UNDERSTAND.
CARFAX? DRACULA?

SHE WILL LIE
OF COURSE

AND THEY WILL BELIEVE
.. ALREADY WATSON'S
FACE HAS SOFTENED
TO HER.

WHY AM I
THE ONLY
ONE TO SEE
THROUGH
THE PAINT
AND
PERFUME?

NEVER...
HAVE I
HEARD OF
SUCH THINGS.

I THINK--
PERHAPS--**YOU
HAVE!**

THERE --
WATSON!
THERE! DO
YOU SEE? THE
WOUNDS IN
THE **THROAT!**

GOOD LORD--**MONSTROUS!**
MADAME BERNHARDT, YOU
MUST BELIEVE WE ARE
TRYING TO HELP--

LET ME
LOOSE!
I WILL
NOT BE
**MAN-
HANDLED!**

GRROOOWWLL

WOMEN
ARE NATURALLY
SECRETIVE,
WATSON, AND
THEY DO THEIR
OWN SECRETING
VERY WELL...

...WHERE
BETTER TO
HIDE SOME-
THING--THAN
IN THE
OPEN?

WHO ELSE BUT **WE**
WOULD FIND A PROP
COFFIN CONTAINING
A SPRINKLE OF
DIRT-**OMINOUS?**

THE
TRUTH--MADAME
BERNHARDT! YOU
MUST TELL US, FOR
THAT IS YOUR ONLY
SALVATION.

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?

I'D
BE **LEAVING**
IF I WERE
YOU, GENTLE-
MEN-- IF YOU
TAKE MY
MEANING.



IT--IT'S ALL RIGHT, BRAM. THEY WERE GOING--**NON, MONSIEURS?**

MADAME-- I REALIZE YOU MAY BE A HELPLESS PAWN IN THIS SORDID BUSINESS... ONLY **YOU** KNOW THE FULL EXTENT OF YOUR GUILT.

WHATEVER THE CASE--REST ASSURED I WILL BE BACK. **THIS IS FAR FROM OVER!**



WHAT'S WRONG, MADAME SARAH? WHO WERE THOSE **RUFFIANS?**

T'IS A LONG TALE, DEAR BRAM.

SOMEDAY, PERHAPS-- WHEN IT IS DONE-- I WILL TELL IT TO YOU.



I CAN NOT LET IT BE AS IT WAS IN BUDAPEST...



..THERE--AS HERE-- THEY WOULD NOT **BELIEVE.**

VAMPIRES ARE **REAL.**

AND THE **NOSFERATU** DO NOT STING ONCE, LIKE THE BEE, AND DIE...



.BUT STRENGTHEN AND ADD TO THEIR UNHOLY RANKS

IF LEFT UNCHALLENGED, THEIR CUNNING BECOMES THE WISDOM OF AGES...



FOOL SH OLD MAN

STUPID OLD MAN

HOW CAN YOU HOPE TO FIGHT THEM **ALONE?**



I SHOULD NOT HAVE
HAVE REMAINED
AFTER **SUNDOWN**.

I SHOULD NOT
HAVE LEFT
AMSTERDAM.

NO.

THAT ISN'T TRUE

I AM
NEEDED
HERE..



THEY...

...NEED...

.. ME

FOOLISH.



STUPID

OLD MAN

TOO SLOW
TOO TIRED.



I CAN NOT DIE.

GOTT...

NOT NOW.



NOT WITH ALL THESE
LIVES ON MY **CONSCIENCE**...

ALL THIS
BLOOD ON
MY HANDS.



SINGULARITY IS INVARIABLY A
CLUE, WATSON... THE THEATRE
POSTER-- COUPLED WITH THE ODD
QUOTE FROM VAN HELSING'S BEGGAR
WOMAN, THE EVIDENCE OF GREASE-
PAINT... THE CONNECTION TO
SARAH BERNHARDT OBVIOUSLY
PRESENTED ITSELF.

IT ALWAYS
SEEMS SIMPLE AFTER
YOU **EXPLAIN** IT.
HOLMES--

--HOW DEEPLY
INVOLVED IS SHE
IN ALL THIS?



A WOMAN'S HEART AND MIND
ARE INSOLUBLE PUZZLES
TO THE MALE, OLD FRIEND--
REGARDLESS HOW ADMIRABLE
SHE MAY APPEAR.

AH! MR.
HOLMES--
YOU'VE A
VISITOR, SIR.
A CLIENT, I
THINK. A
MOST RE-
FINED GENTLE-
MAN.



GOOD
EVENING, MR.
HOLMES.

I AM
COUNT
DRACULA...

...BUT,
I IMAGINE,
YOU KNOW THAT
ALREADY

COME
IN-- WE HAVE
MUCH TO
DISCUSS...

BEFORE
SUNRISE.

**NEXT:
THE FINAL
TERROR!**

LONDON, 1891. WELL
PAST MIDNIGHT.

I LONG FOR
AMSTERDAM.

IN MY COUNTRY THE
SHADOWS DO NOT LOOM
ALIVE WITH RED EYES
AND CLICKING TEETH...

.. NOR THE CHILLING
SCRAPE OF UNWORLDLY
TALONS UPON THE
COBBLES.

IT IS THE OLD WAR...
FROM THE OLD DAYS.
AND I HAVE GROWN
WEAKER WITH THE
YEARS AM I--

--TO DIE... SO FAR
FROM MY HOME?



YOU THINK TO LEAVE
US WITHOUT A PLACE
TO REST...

VAN HELSING... YOU
THINK TO STOP US...





I TOUCHED NOTHING, SIR. SHE WAS JUST LIKE THIS WHEN I FOUND HER.

YOU DID PROPERLY IN ASKING FOR ME, STEVENSON. I'M SURE THIS MURDER IS CONNECTED WITH THE OTHERS...

... ONLY WHY SO FAR FROM WHITE-CHapel AND WHERE IS ALL THE BLOOD?

INSPECTOR LESTRADE! OVER THERE! LOOK!

SIR--COULD THIS BE OUR MAN?

I'M AFRAID NOT, BLAKELY. I THINK I KNOW HIM... DOCTOR VAN HELSING--?

JA... JA...

I THOUGHT AS MUCH. A BIT OF A KOOK... HELPED GREGGON ONCE ON A CASE INVOLVING WITCH-CRAFT.

EASY THERE, BLAKELY! HE'S BADLY HURT. STEVENSON--GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

NO... NO HOSPITAL... TAKE ME... TAKE ME TO SHERLOCK HOLMES.

THE FINAL TRIUMPH

I ACCEPT
YOUR PROPOSAL,
COUNT DRACULA.
IT IS BEST WE ARE
ALLIES IN THIS
CAUSE.

HOLMES!
THINK OF WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!
VAN HELSING
SAYS THERE
COULD BE HUN-
DREDS OF
CREATURES LIKE
THIS SWARMING
THE STREETS
TONIGHT!

MARTIN POWELL
WRITER
WAYNE R. SMITH
CO-PLOTTER
SEPPO MAKINEN
ILLUSTRATOR
PAT BROSSAU
LETTERER

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS CREATED
BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AND
BRAM STOKER.

MORE'S
THE PITY, WATSON.
MORIARTY MUST BE
STOPPED-- IT IS HE
WHO IS ACTUALLY
RESPONSIBLE--AND THE
COUNT CAN LEAD US
TO HIM. I CAN'T REFUSE
--LONDON ITSELF
IS AT STAKE!

YOU
ARE A WISE
MAN, MR. HOLMES...
FOR ONE WHO HAS
NOT YET LIVED
EVEN A SINGLE
LIFETIME.

YOU MUST HAVE NO MISUNDERSTANDINGS, HOWEVER... MY MOTIVES IN THIS ARE **RE-VENGE** AND PERSONAL JUSTICE. I CARE LITTLE FOR THIS CITY, OR THE PEOPLE IN IT.

I WANT THE WOMAN--
LUCY. ONCE I HAVE HER YOU MUST NOT INTERFERE

I CAN ASSURE YOU OF **NOTHING** AT THIS STAGE. BE PREPARED TO SEEK SHELTER THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE DAWN AS I'VE DIRECTED WE WILL MEET YOU IN THE PREARRANGED PLACE.

I MUST **INSIST**, MR. HOLMES.

TAKE YOUR FILTHY--

AKKK!

WATSON!

YOU CAN NOT PLAY YOUR BRAINS AGAINST **MINE**, DETECTIVE.

I WILL CLEAVE THE WAY TO **MORIARTY**...

... BUT THE WOMAN IS **MINE**.

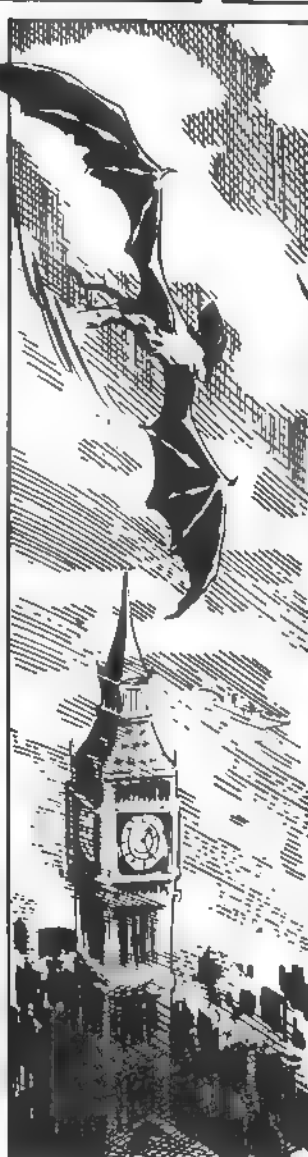
UNTIL **TONIGHT**--
GENTLEMEN...

NEVER FELT... SUCH **STRENGTH**...

EASY NOW--
LET ME GET YOU A BRANDY.

KNOCK KNOCK

COME IN--
BILLY!





MRS HUDSON WILL HAVE OUR HEADS FOR STINKING UP THE HOUSE WITH ALL THIS GARLIC--POOR OLD GIRL WILL NEVER KNOW THIS STUFF WILL SAVE HER LIFE.

INDEED. MY GRAVEST FEAR IS THAT SHE MAY SUDDENLY BELIEVE WE HAVE TURNED RELIGIOUS, AND WISH US TO JOIN HER AT CHURCH THIS SUNDAY.

TAKE CARE TO JAM UP THE KEY-HOLE TOO, WATSON.

"HOLMES...WHEN THAT HORRIBLE COUNT SPOKE OF REVENGE AGAINST LUCY WESTENRA--DO YOU BELIEVE HE AIMS TO KILL HER?"

"IN LISTENING TO VAN HELSING, WE MAY BELIEVE SHE IS ALREADY DEAD."

"I SUPPOSE SO-- BUT THE LOOK ON HIS FACE...HOW COULD ANYONE TAKE SUCH PLEASURE AT THE THOUGHT OF COMMITTING MURDER?"

"CHILLING THOUGHT, HOLMES. I HOPE WIGGINS AND THE OTHERS ARE ALL RIGHT"

YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO DO, HOLMES. ENGLAND IS FORTUNATE TO HAVE YOU ON HER SIDE.

"IF THEY OBEYED MY INSTRUCTIONS--AND THEY'VE NEVER FAILED TO-- THE IRREGULARS ARE THE SAFEST HUMANS IN LONDON TONIGHT. BUT I DO CONFESS SOME CONCERN IN USING THEM THIS WAY... THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE IN WHOM I COULD TRUST. SCOTLAND YARD IS TOO BULL-HEADED FOR SUCH QUICK ACTION."

AS I AM TO HAVE YOU, OLD FRIEND. AT TIMES I WONDER IF YOUR FAITH IN ME IS NOT MY GREATEST STRENGTH.

"IN THE WORLD OF COUNT DRACULA, I DON'T IMAGINE THERE ARE MANY OTHER PLEASURES, WATSON."

NOW TRY AND GET SOME REST. I'LL WAKE YOU WHEN THE TIME IS READY.



KRREEEKK

HARDLY

AHHH... PROFESSOR MORIARTY. I CONFESS-- I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS.

BILLY--? IS THAT YOU...?

INEVITABLE, SURELY. KEEP YOUR VOICE LOW.. I AM NOT ALONE, AND WE WOULDN'T WANT TO DISTURB YOUR LANDLADY-- OR LITTLE BILLY AT SO LATE AN HOUR.

QUITE SO. CLOSE THE DOOR.

WELL--WELL...IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME, YOU HAVE LESS FRONTAL DEVELOPMENT THAN I REMEMBERED...BUT WE BOTH HAVE CHANGED, EH?

VERY COMFORTABLY FIXED HERE, AREN'T YOU? AS I GET ON IN LIFE--

--THE LITTLE COMFORTS APPEAL TO ME MORE AND MORE.

INDEED, PRAY TAKE A CHAIR, PROFESSOR. I CAN SPARE YOU FIVE MINUTES IF YOU'VE ANYTHING TO SAY.

HMPH. I SEE BY THE OCCUPIED HAT RACK THAT I MUST MAKE A--NOTHER USE FOR THIS CHAIR--TO INSURE OUR PRIVACY.

ALL I HAVE TO SAY HAS ALREADY CROSSED YOUR MIND.

THEN, POSSIBLY, MY ANSWER HAS CROSSED YOURS.

THUMP

A JAMMED DOOR WOULD NOT CONFINE WATSON FOR LONG--

--AND, AS IT SEEMS, WE HAVE LITTLE TO DISCUSS.



PITY ABOUT LITTLE SHERRINGFORD...THE HOLMES BROTHERS WERE ALL SO BRIGHT--EAGER TO LEARN.

YES, I'M LEAVING--BUT KNOW WELL IF I AM TO FALL, THIS TIME WE WILL GO DOWN TOGETHER.

I PROMISE YOU.

A WICKED MAN...

...AN EVIL MAN.

AND I...

...I AM RESPONSIBLE.

DAMN ME TO HELL.

MORIARTY...THE ECCENTRIC TUTOR...THE OBVIOUS SUSPECT.

THE MERE SUSPICION COST HIM HIS CAREER...EMBITTERED HIM, DARKENED HIM.

HOW...HOW COULD I HAVE CONFESSED MY OWN MOTHER...WAS THE MONSTER--?

HOLMES!
HOLMES!

THUD
THUD
THUD

OPEN THE DOOR!

...SO, YOU SEE, I COULDN'T JUST TAKE HIM--NOT NOW, WITH SUCH NEEDLESS RISK TO MRS. HUDSON AND BILLY. NOT TO MENTION YOU, OLD FRIEND.

I UNDERSTAND, OF COURSE...I SUPPOSE I PANICKED WHEN I COULDN'T GET OUT. I SENSED MORIARTY WAS HERE.

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, HOLMES. I'LL SEE THIS THROUGH.

THANK YOU, MY FRIEND. YOUR TRUST IS ADMIRABLE.

YOU ARE DEVELOPING THE TRUE INSTINCTS OF A DETECTIVE, WATSON--BUT I BELIEVE IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU WERE TO LEAVE THE CITY AFTER DAWN.

UNTIL MORIARTY IS CAPTURED, I'LL BE A DANGEROUS COMPANION.

"I ONLY PRAY OUR FAITH IN DRACULA IS JUSTIFIED."





"... AND YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE ALL THIS ROT--?"



"WILD TALES OF GHOSTS AND MONSTERS HAUNTING THE STREETS..."

"...CHANGING PEOPLE INTO WALKING CORPSES!"



"HOW COULD IT BE POSSIBLE?"



"THIS IS 19TH CENTURY LONDON..."



"...NOT THE DARK AGES."



"WE'VE ENOUGH MURDERERS, THIEVES AND RAPISTS TO KEEP US BUSY AT THE YARD..."



"... WITHOUT ADDING SPOOKS AND HOBGOBLINS!"



"I ASK FOR PROOF, MR. HOLMES--"



"--WHERE IS YOUR EVIDENCE?"





YOU MIGHT TRY EMPLOYING AN **OPEN MIND**, INSPECTOR LESTRADE--IT MAY KEEP YOU ALIVE LONGER.

THIS'LL DO FOR NOW, ABRAHAM. WE MUST GET YOU TO SAINT BART'S AFTER DAWN.

THANK YOU, FRIEND JOHN.

I'LL ASK YOU TO KINDLY STAY OUT OF THIS, DR. WATSON.

YOU SHOULDN'T BLAME WATSON FOR YOUR OWN SHORTCOMINGS, LESTRADE.



EVIL WILL NOT GO AWAY SIMPLY BECAUSE WE DISAPPROVE OF IT.

OH GOD--DON'T START UP ON THAT INFERNAL THING!



"ALL RIGHT, MR. HOLMES. ALL RIGHT.

"I'LL ADMIT THAT **STRANGE THINGS** HAVE BEEN HAPPENING IN THIS CITY...



"... NEITHER I OR THE YARD UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS.

"BUT IF WE ARE FACING **JUDGEMENT DAY**-- IS GOD ALMIGHTY SHERLOCK HOLMES GOING TO SIMPLY SIT AND--"



'FIDDLE WHILE ROME BURNS'? NO INDEED.

AH-HA! YOU'VE A PLAN! AS AN OFFICIAL OF HER MAJESTY'S SCOTLAND YARD I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS BUSINESS!



"DO, LESTRADE...?"



IT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE.

A FEW MORE MOMENTS AND WE WILL KNOW IF I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL

















"I FEEL LIKE WE'RE **RUNNING**, HOLMES--RUSHING OFF TO SWITZERLAND LIKE FUGITIVES "

"I TEND TO AGREE, WATSON, BUT-- FOR ONCE-- I BELIEVE LESTRADE MAY BE CORRECT..."



...OUR STAYING IN LONDON WOULD ONLY HAMPER THE POLICE DURING THE ARRESTS. I PROVIDED THE EVIDENCE AGAINST MORIARTY--NOW THE LAW MUST TAKE ITS COURSE.



BUT SURELY WE'D STILL BE A GREAT HELP IN CLEARING UP THESE MYSTERIES!

WE ARE NOT RETAINED BY SCOTLAND YARD TO DISPLAY THE R DEFICIENCIES.

BESIDES, WE'RE NOT TURNING OUR BACKS ON LONDON, OLD FELLOW-- RATHER WE MAY WELL BE SAVING IT.



"YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT MORIARTY'S THREATS. I COULD FEEL SOMETHING WAS DISTURBING YOU."



"NOT FEAR FOR MYSELF, WATSON, BUT FOR THE CITY. IN DESTROYING MORIARTY'S ORGANIZATION I FEEL COMPLETED. MY CAREER HAS REACHED ITS SUMMIT."

"I ONLY PRAY MY ABSENCE WILL FREE LONDON FROM HIS BULLS-EYE."

"AND WHAT OF THE COUNT'S DISAPPEARANCE, HOLMES? WE PRACTICALLY LET HIM ESCAPE."

"THAT WAS... UNFORTUNATE. I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHERE HE IS HEADED."



"AT LEAST HE IS DONE WITH US."

WE'RE NOT EVEN SETTLED IN AND YOU'RE ALREADY GETTING MESSAGES?



HMMM, AH, NO-- SEEMS YOUR REPUTATION HAS EXCEEDED US THIS TIME, DOCTOR.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S FROM THE HOTEL MANAGER. SEEMS AN ENGLISH WOMAN HAS COLLAPSED FROM FEVER AND IS BEGGING FOR AN ENGLISH DOCTOR. HE BEGS YOU TO COME-- HE FEARS SHE MAY BE DYING.



GOOD GOD!

WHY, OF COURSE, I MUST GO! THIS COULD TAKE QUITE A WHILE, HOLMES--

I UNDERSTAND. DO WHAT YOU MUST.



REICHENBACH BETWEEN US. IF WATSON IS THERE-- YOU KNOW ONE HOUR MORE, RTY.

WE'LL SEE THE SIGHTS TOMORROW, HOLMES. ADIEU FOR THE MOMENT.



ADIEU... MY DEAR WATSON.



I SEE YOU HAD NO DIFFICULTY LOCATING THE PLACE, MR. HOLMES. I SELECTED IT MOST CAREFULLY...

...FOR OUR DISCUSSION OF THOSE FINAL PROBLEMS THAT LIE BETWEEN US.

I APPROVE OF YOUR CHOICE



DELIGHTED TO HAVE PLEASED YOU. A MAN OF YOUR MENTAL RESOURCES MUST SEE THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE OUTCOME TO OUR LONG AFFAIR.



IT HAS BEEN AN INTELLECTUAL **TREAT** SPARING ALL THESE YEARS, MR. HOLMES. AND I, FOR ONE, REGRET THE EXTREME MEASURE YOU HAVE FORCED UPON ME--

DANGER IS PART OF MY TRADE, PROFESSOR.



THIS IS NOT 'DANGER'--

--IT IS INEVITABLE DESTRUCTION!

NOW.



HE MUST PAY.

SHERLOCK HOLMES MUST DIE.

THAK



SO LONG...

KRAK

..WAITED SO LONG...



...SO TERRIBLY LONG...

...TO KILL YOU.



FOR MY CAREER.

FOR AGATHA.

FOR MY WORLD.



FAREWELL... MR. HOLMES.

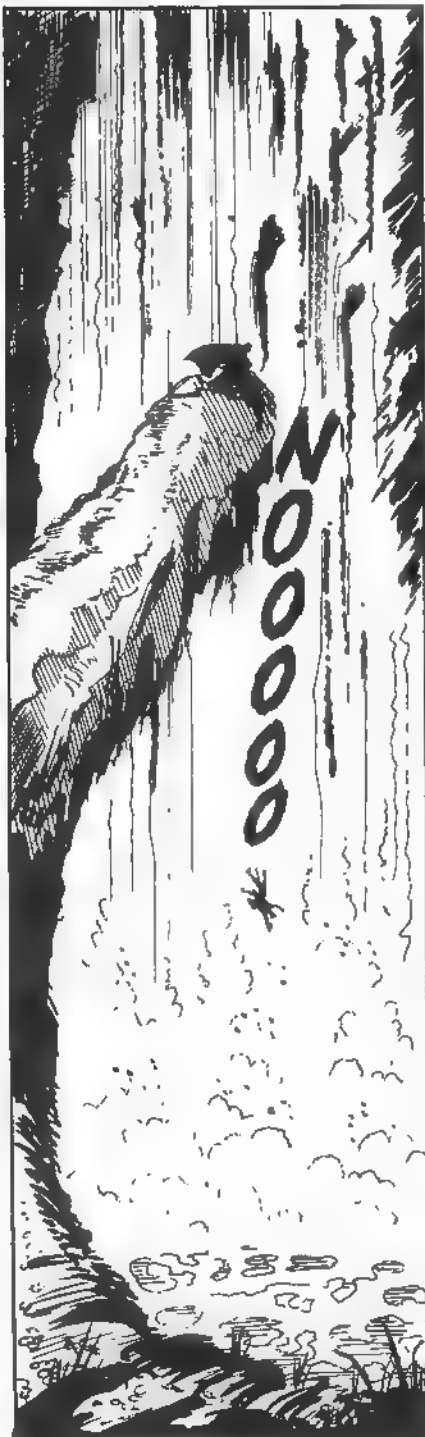


AHHH--!











FOR LUCY.

EPILOGUE I

...I JUST DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T RETURN WITH ME.

I'VE EXPLAINED THAT, WATSON. MORIARTY MAY WELL HAVE BEEN BEHIND **HALF THE EVIL** IN LONDON, BUT HE WASN'T THE ONLY MAN WHO SWORE MY DEATH--LESTRADE'S TELEGRAM STATED THREE SUCCESSORS ESCAPED ARREST, FLEEING INTO EUROPE.



THEIR HATRED OF ME WILL INCREASE UPON NEWS OF THEIR MENTOR'S DEATH AT **MY HANDS**.

IT'S UP TO YOU TO CONVINCE THE WORLD OF MY OWN DEMISE IN YOUR PUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF THE CASE. THEN, THE MINIONS WILL LAY THEMSELVES OPEN FOR DESTRUCTION.

I DREAD TO THINK OF THE PUBLIC **OUTCRY** AT THE NEWS OF YOUR 'DEATH', HOLMES... BUT YOU MAY COUNT ON ME.



I WILL MISS YOU.



HMM? OH, YES. THE CROSS. CURIOUS. I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT.

THIS WAS A **GIFT**, WATSON--A VERY LONG TIME AGO. FROM MY... MOTHER.

YOUR MOTHER! I ALWAYS ASSUMED YOU AND YOUR BROTHER WERE ORPHANS, HOLMES. YOUR MOTHER... LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT ONE DAY THAT **KEEPSAKE** WOULD SAVE YOUR LIFE. HOW IRONIC!



YES, MY DEAR WATSON...



"...HOW IRONIC, INDEED."

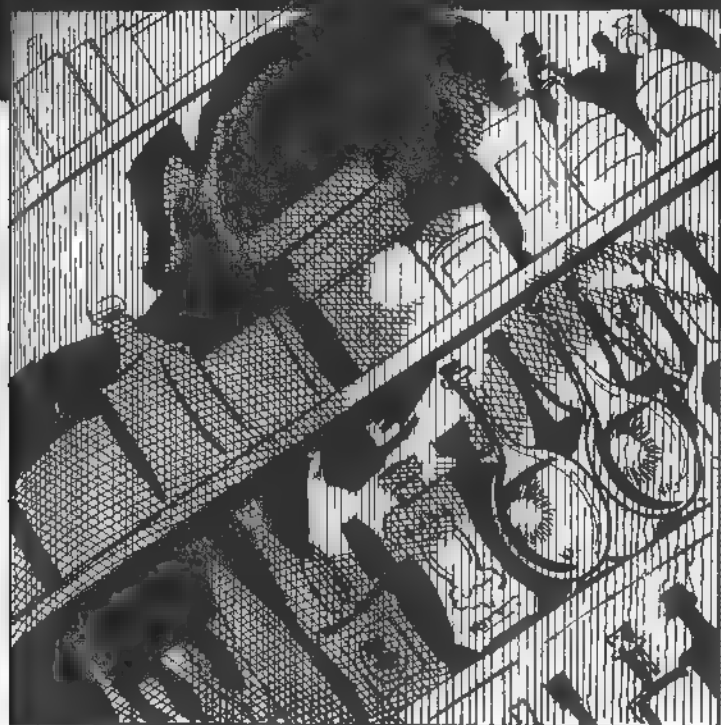
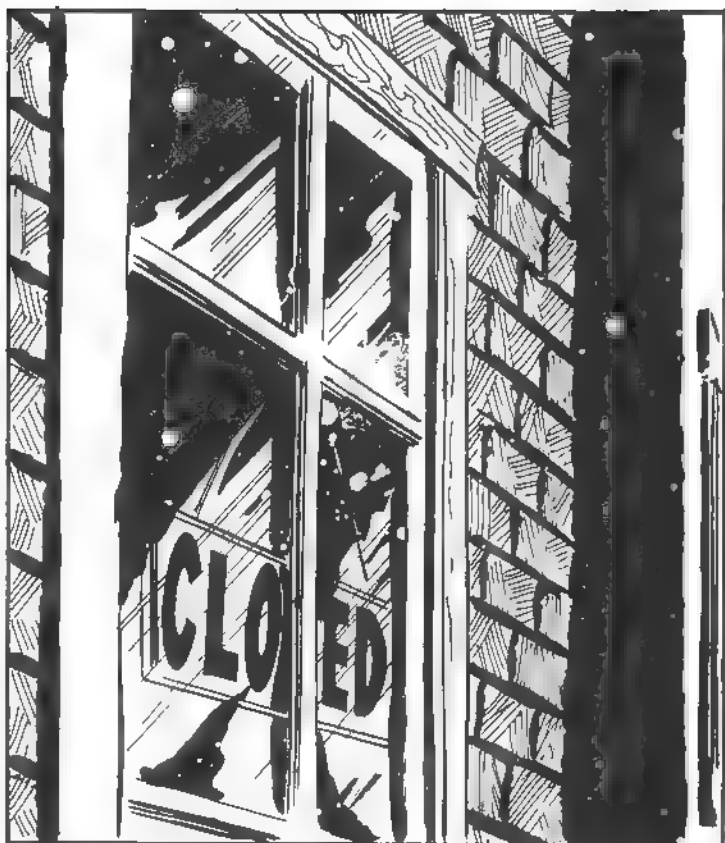


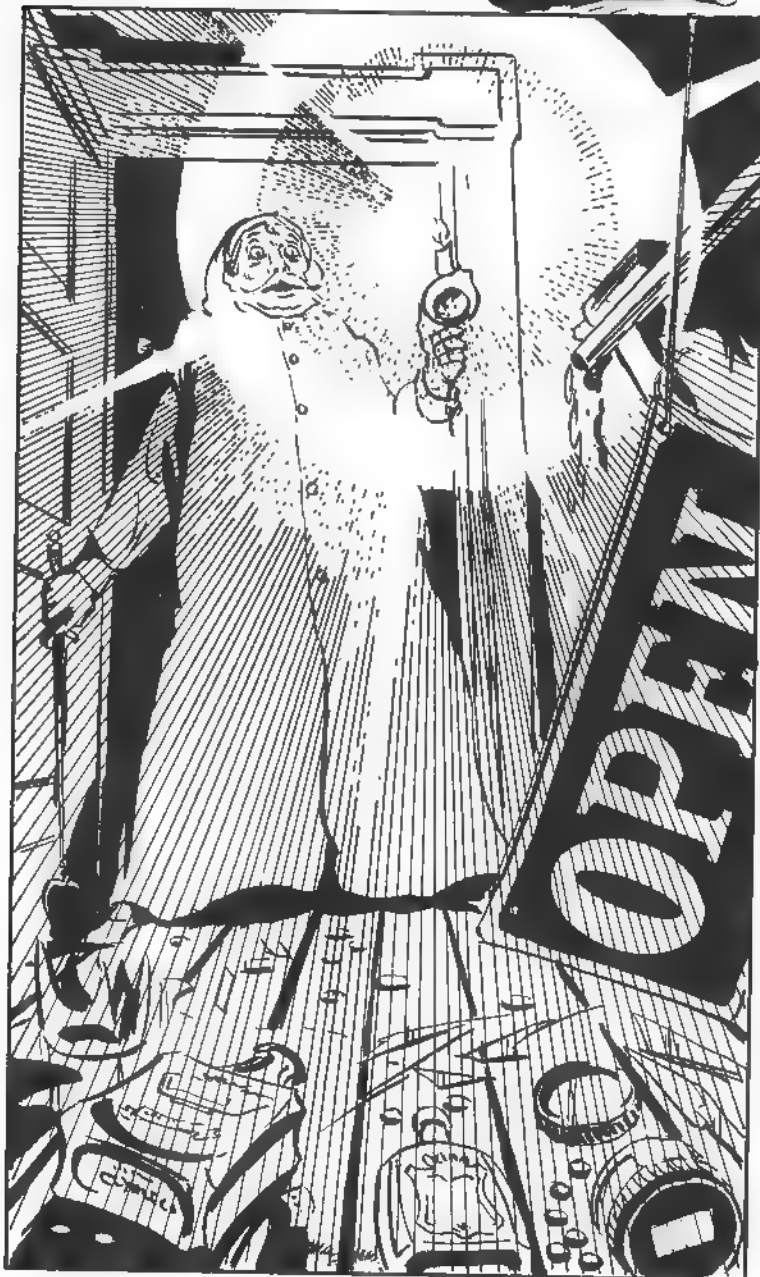


a **CASE** of
Blind
Fear









THE MADNESS!

GET
OUT!

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY:
MARTIN POWELL & SEPPU MAKINEN
LETTERED BY:
PATRICK BROSSAU
EDITED BY:
CHRIS ULM

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS
CREATED BY SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE AND
H.G. WELLS

SPECIAL THANKS TO
WAYNE R. SMITH

"... TERRIBLE
AND GLISTENING
WET... HE-- IT
LOOKED AT ME--

"-- THE WIDE,
LIDLESS EYES
GROWING RED
WITH MURDER."

"PIG
DROPPINGS."



TAKE CARE WITH HIM. HE WON'T PUT UP MUCH OF A STRUGGLE, BUT DON'T UNDERESTIMATE HIS STRENGTH.

AYE, THANK YE, SIR. STRAP 'IM UP TIGHT, BOYS.



THANK GOD YOU'RE SAFE, SIR! THIS UNDER-COVER BUSINESS IS TOO DANGEROUS-- PARTICULARLY IN THESE QUARTERS.



IT IS AWKWARD EMPLOYING AN ALIAS-- BUT ONE LUNATIC IS MUCH MORE LIKELY TO SHARE HIS MADNESS WITH ANOTHER OF EQUAL DEPRAVITY.

I TRUST IT WAS WORTH THE RISK. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF MR. JACOB HARRISON, THEN, SIR?

WELL, INSPECTOR, OTHER THAN THE OBVIOUS FACTS THAT HE IS A FREEMASON, WAS EDUCATED IN AMERICA, IS A WIDOWER WITH NO CHILDREN, FREQUENTLY VISITS WITH A WOMAN IN THE EAST END AND HAS A HISTORY OF MENTAL TROUBLES-- I CAN DEDUCE LITTLE.

NO CONCLUSIONS REGARDING HIS DELUSIONS?



BUT SURELY HE WOULD'VE SPOKEN FREELY TO YOU OF ALL PEOPLE, MR. HOLMES?



PERHAPS, BUT I HAVE A PECULIAR TASTE IN THESE MATTERS.

MY DEAR MACDONALD, IT'S A FATAL ERROR TO FORM THEORIES WITHOUT FACTS. HAVE YOU DETERMINED A RELATION BETWEEN THIS AND THE MORE RECENT ODD SIGHTINGS IN THE CITY?

NO CONNECTION, THAT I CAN SEE, SIR. THE--AH--LADY WHO REPORTED THE 'BREATHING' SOUNDS IN HER BEDROOM WAS FROM WHITE-CHAPEL, WHEREAS THE FRUIT VENDOR--

THE MAN WHO SAW AN APPLE FLOAT AWAY THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A BALLOON?





THAT'S THE ONE, MR. HOLMES--HE WAS AT VICTORIA STATION.

SURELY SCOTLAND YARD MUST HAVE FORMED SOME OPINION OF ALL THIS?

WELL, INSPECTOR LESTRADE BELIEVES WE ARE IN THE MIDST OF A WEIRD EPIDEMIC...SOME MYSTERIOUS PLAGUE, INDUCING HYSTERICAL HALLUCINATIONS.

HMM. AS LESTRADE HIMSELF WOULD SAY-- THAT DOES FIT THE FACTS.

SO I BELIEVED, SIR, UNTIL THIS CHEMIST SHOPPE AFFAIR. THE BURGLARY WAS GENUINE.

INDEED. A CRIME IS FINALLY COMMITTED--I DON'T COUNT THE GHOSTLY VOYEUR OR THE FLYING FRUIT. HAVE YOU THE LIST OF CHEMICALS TAKEN?

WE CONSULTED DR. WATSON AFTER THE THEFT--HE IDENTIFIED THE DRUGS AS VERY RARE AND OBSCURE. HE ADMITTED PUZZLEMENT AT THE RANDOM SELECTION, ESPECIALLY WHEN OPIUM AND COCAINE WERE EASILY WITHIN EQUAL REACH.



AH, I NEVER SEEM TO GET WATSON'S LIMITS! I FEAR I'VE SEEN LITTLE OF HIM SINCE COLONEL MORAN'S INSANITY HEARING LAST YEAR. AND ONCE AGAIN I AM IN HIS DEBT.

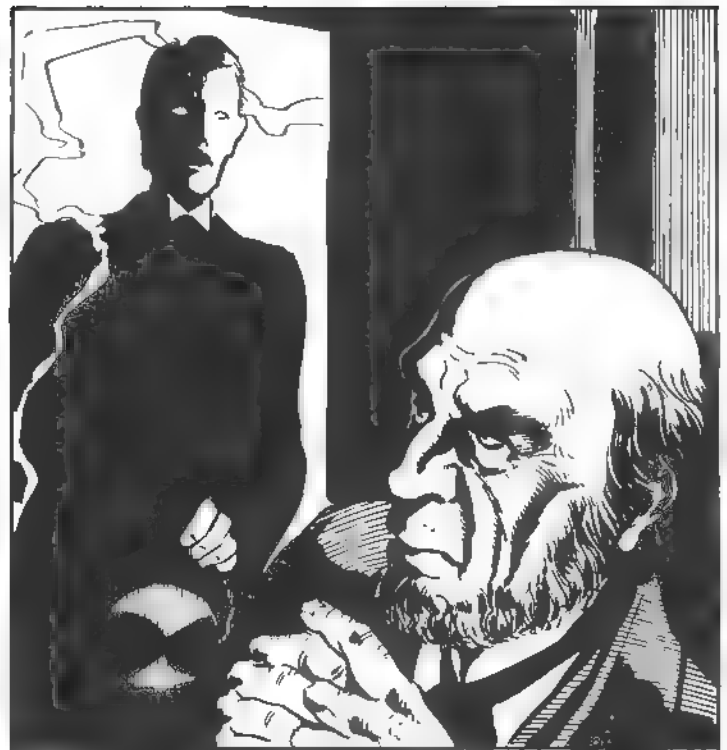


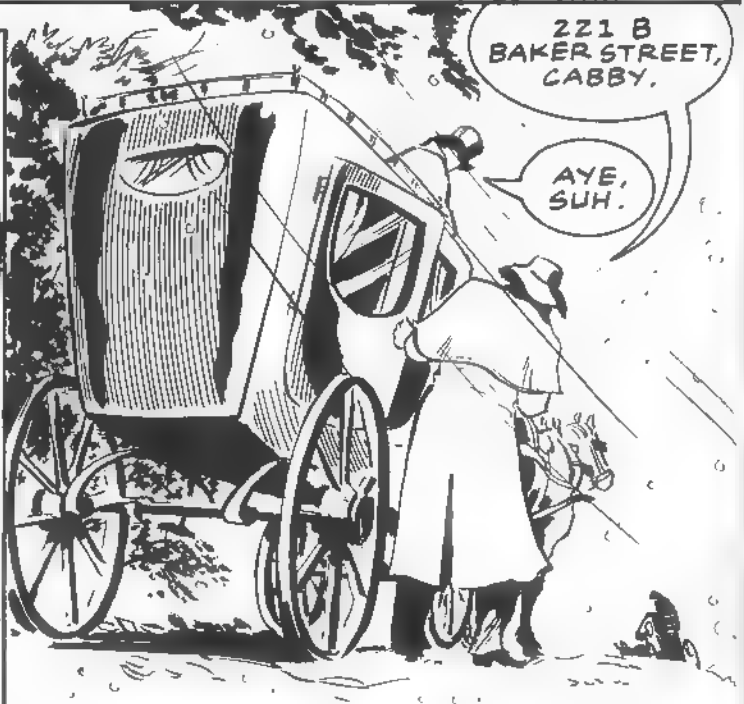
THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME, MR. HOLMES. I WILL KEEP YOU ABREAST OF ANY NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

PLEASE DO, INSPECTOR. CRIME HAS BECOME SINGULARLY UNINTERESTING SINCE THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR MORIARTY...

... THE DAYS OF THE GREAT CASES ARE PAST, BUT I FIND THIS BUSINESS NOT WITHOUT MERIT--AND I SHALL BE VERY SURPRISED IF I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU WITHIN A WEEK.









T-THAT'S TH' WAY,
OL' SALLY-GIRL--
JUST TAKE IT
SLOW AND EASY...

OH--
THE YAN-KEE
BOYS'RE
BETTERRR...

HICKE



TRA--LAAA...
LAAA...

DOIN' JUST
DANDY BY
ME-SELF...

DON'T
NEED 'IM
TA WALK
ME HOME...

HICKE



KRREEEEEEEEK

...FINE
AN'--



--DANDY?



OKEY,
LUV'... NOW
WHERE'D
Y' GO--

'ELLO!
'OW'D YOU
GIT WAY
O'ER
THERE?



COULDA
SWEARED
Y' WAS
ON TH'
TABLE...?







IT IS A TELLY, SIR--FROM INSPECTOR MacDONALD. ARRIVED JUST TEN MINUTES AGO.

WHAT! WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING IT UP IMMEDIATELY, MRS. HUDSON?

WHY, MR. HOLMES, I FEAR FOR MY LIFE--AND BILLY'S--WHEN YOU TAKE TO INDOOR TARGET PRACTICE!

OH, LORDY! JUST LOOK AT MY PLASTER! THIS IS AWFUL!

INDEED? I FIND IT RATHER PATRIOTIC.

BUT-- BUT--

BE SO GOOD AS TO SEND A CABLE TO DR. WATSON, MRS. HUDSON...

GRAM

...TELLING HIM TO MEET ME AT VICTORIA STATION FOR THE 7 O'CLOCK TRAIN TO IPING VILLAGE.

CERTAINLY, SIR, BUT--

WHAT IS IT, MRS. HUDSON? I MUST MAKE HASTE!

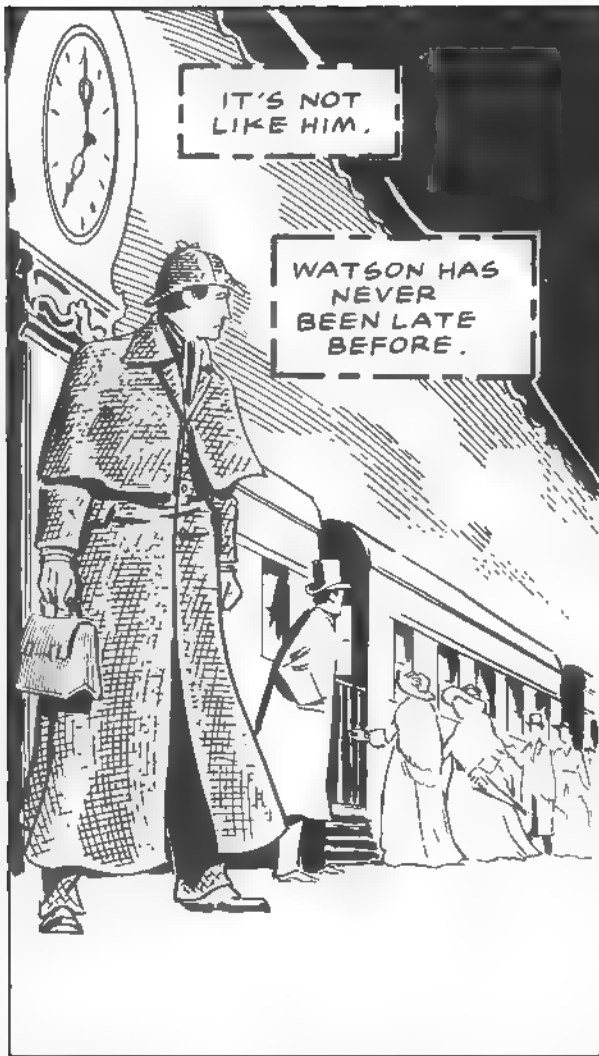
WELL, WHEN CAN I EXPECT YOU BACK? SHOULD I CHANGE THE LINEN?

MY DEAR LADY-- TO THE DEVIL WITH THE LINEN!

AND SEND THAT WIRE TO WATSON STRAIGHT AWAY!

TELEGRAM

Mr. Holmes. More madness in Iping. Coach and Horses Inn. Please hurry. MacDonald.



IT'S NOT
LIKE HIM.

WATSON HAS
NEVER
BEEN LATE
BEFORE.



HE'S ALWAYS PROMPT, ALWAYS
PUNCTUAL--EAGER FOR THE CHASE.

I DON'T
LIKE IT.



HE'S NOT
COMING.

ALL
ABOARD!



HE COULDN'T BE TOO
BUSY... HIS PRACTICE
IS NEVER VERY AB-
SORBING.

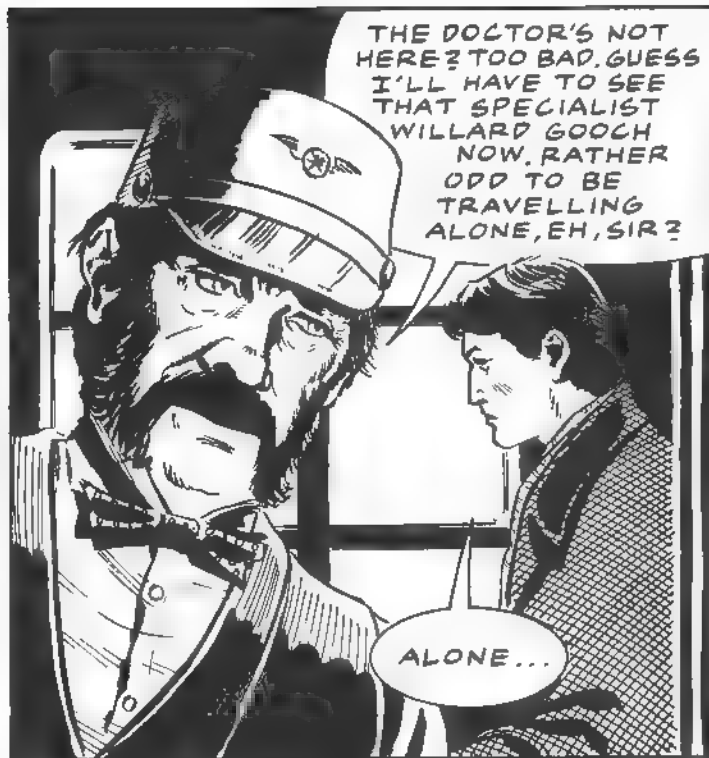


IT'S NOT LIKE
HIM AT ALL.



TICKETS, PLEASE--OH!
IT'S YOU MR. HOLMES!
WHERE'S DR. WATSON,
SIR? I'VE BEEN MEANING
TO ASK HIM ABOUT MY
GOUT.

WATSON
ISN'T WITH
ME THIS
TIME,
BAKER.



THE DOCTOR'S NOT
HERE? TOO BAD. GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO SEE
THAT SPECIALIST
WILLARD GOOCH
NOW. RATHER
ODD TO BE
TRAVELLING
ALONE, EH, SIR?

ALONE...



YES.

I SUPPOSE
IT IS.



I'M SICK.

AND WEARY.

IT'S NOT THE PAIN SO
MUCH AS THE COLD.



THERE'S ONLY ONE I
CAN TRUST, ONLY ONE
WHO OWES ME.

BUT I CAN'T GO
TO HIM LIKE THIS.

I'VE GOT TO
TAKE THE CHANCE.

PLEASE...
HELP ME...

EH?



EH? WHO'RE YOU?

I...
I NEED
FOOD, SHEL-
TER...

I'M
STARVING,
FREEZING
FROM THE
COLD...

NOTHIN' TA
SPARE, LAD--
TIMES BEIN' WHAT
THEY IS, GO FIND
ANOTHER CORNER.



I TELL
YOU I NEED
THESE
THINGS!

PLEASE--
GUV'NA...
DON'T HURT
OL' NATE---!
I AIN'T DONE
NOTHIN'...
GAWD A'
MIGHTY,
LEAVE ME
BE...



STOP IT...
LEMME
ALONE!

AAKKK--!

FOOL.



I DON'T
WANT YOUR
MISERABLE
PENNIES.



YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW
HOW CHEATED
YOU WERE.

IF
YOU HAD
SIGHT YOUR
LAST VISION
WOULD
HAVE BEEN
GRAND.

I
ALMOST
PITY
YOU.



HULLLO?
WHAT'S
THIS?

NATE?

THAT
YOU--?



HEY,
THERE!
STOP!

STOP!



OF COURSE, MRS. HALL THIS IS MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, WHOM I'VE CONSULTED ON THIS PROBLEM. DO YOU OBJECT TO HIS ASKING YOU A FEW QUESTIONS?

...MY POOR HENRY... SUCH A DECENT MAN...

MADAM, YOU MUST BE STRONG AND RE-LATE THE FACTS LEADING UP TO YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH--

DEATH.

DEATH? HENRY'S DEAD...?

MACDONALD, SHE IS USELESS. I SUGGEST YOU HAVE HER REMOVED.

THEN, I PRAY YOU TO START AT THE BEGINNING, AND LEAVE OUT NO DETAIL HOWEVER SMALL IT MAY SEEM.

REALLY, MR. HOLMES, YOU COULD HAVE A LITTLE COMPASSION--

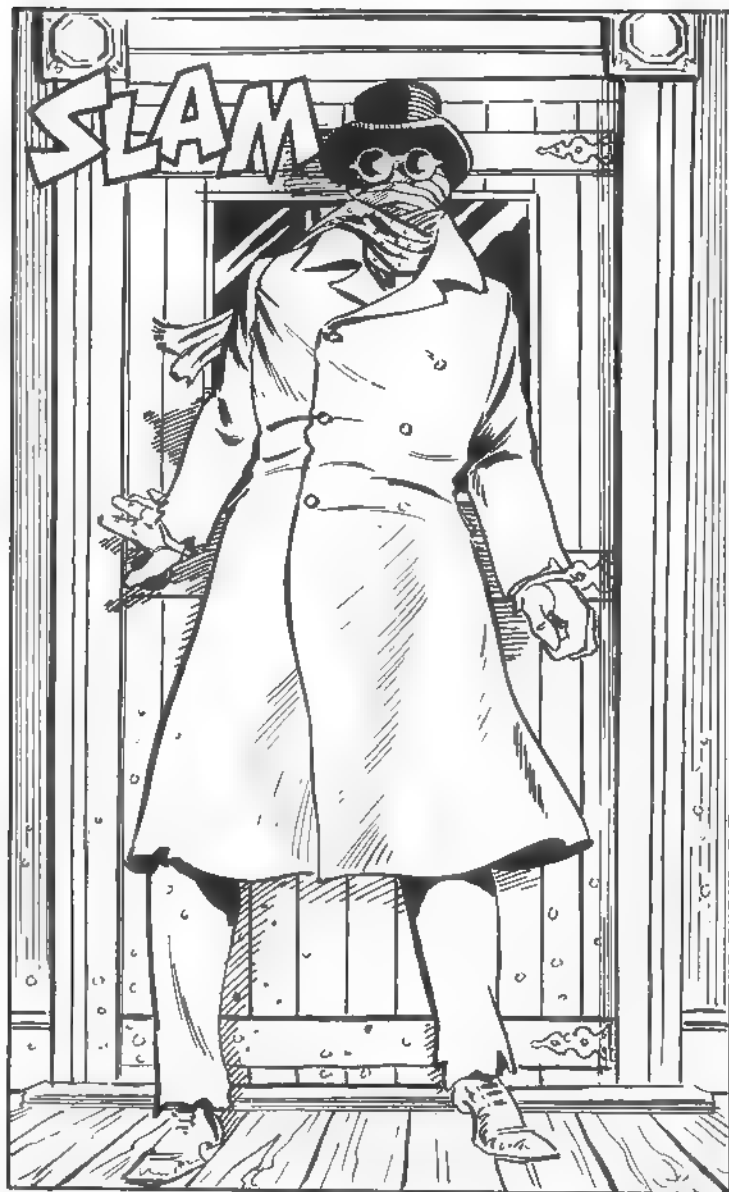
I DIDN'T COME HERE OUT OF SYMPATHY, INSPECTOR. SO, YOU CAN RE-LATE AN ACCOUNT OF THIS, MISS--?

MY NAME IS MINNIE, SIR. I WAS WITNESS TO THE THING, TOO, AND DARE SAY I COULD TELL YOU AS MUCH AS MY MISTRESS.

I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. HOLMES.

"THE STRANGER CAME TO THE INN EARLY IN NOVEMBER..."

"...A BITING, WINTRY EVENING, STAGGERING INSIDE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE."



I WANT A ROOM WITH A FIRE.



AH, M-MERCY ME, SIR, BUT WE DON'T HAVE NONE READY THIS TIME OF YEAR--

THEN YOU WILL PREPARE ONE.



OF COURSE, SIR. YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE THE DUST. THE ROOM IS FIVE POUNDS A WEEK.

IN ADVANCE.



THAT IS ACCEPTABLE. I HAVE SEVERAL BOXES ARRIVING TO-MORROW. I'LL WRITE YOU A CHEQUE THEN.

VERY GOOD, SIR. MAY I TAKE YOUR COAT AND HAT AND GIVE THEM A GOOD DRYING IN THE KITCHEN?

NO.

"AND WITH THAT HE SLAMMED THE DOOR IN HER FACE."

"THIS 'STRANGER', DID HE
LEAVE A NAME ON THE
REGISTER?"

"YES, INDEED, SIR--MR. JAMES
PHILLIMORE UP FROM LONDON.
THEM BOXES ARRIVED THE
VERY NEXT DAY, ALL CLUTTER-
ED WITH BOTTLES AND POTIONS.

"HE TOOK TO HIMSELF
IMMEDIATELY, AND SET
HARD TO WORK, MOST-
LY IGNORING THE RE-
QUESTS OF MY MISTRESS."

MRS. HALL--YOU
MUST LEAVE ME
ALONE! YOU
DON'T UNDER-
STAND...

"FROM THE START
HIS TEMPER WAS
FOUL.

...MY
LIFE
DEPENDS
ON
THIS!

"AND MORE THAN
ONCE MY MISTRESS
WAS VIOLENTLY
CHARGED FROM
HIS ROOM."

"AND THAT WAS JUST
THE BEGINNING."

PLEASE
MR. HALL,
THERE'S NO-
WHERE
ELSE I CAN
GO.

BUT I
HAVE THE MONEY,
MR. HALL--AT THE
BANK. LET ME FETCH
MY UMBRELLA AND
YOU CAN GO DOWN WITH
ME AND COLLECT
THE FUNDS.

HE'S BEEN
IN THERE
TOO LONG.

WE'D
BEST
BOUNCE 'IM
OUT, 'ENRY.
I DIDN'T
TRUST 'IS
LOOKS FROM
THE FIRST.

I'M SORRY
ABOUT THAT, BUT
YOU'RE TWO WEEKS
LATE WITH THE
RENT. THE WIFE AND
ME GOT OURSELVES
TO THINK
ABOUT...

WELL,
ER, I
SUPPOSE
THAT'D
BE ALL
RIGHT, SO
LONG AS
YOU HAVE
THE MON-
EY.

THANK
YOU, SIR.
I'LL
ONLY BE
A MO-
MENT.

IT'S THEM
BANDAGES.
I'LL WAGER
HE'S HIDING
FROM THE
LAW.

OPEN
UP IN
THERE!

"THE DOOR HAD TO BE FORCED. THE ROOM WAS EMPTY, AND SO MR. JAMES PHILLIMORE, WHO, STEPPING INTO HIS ROOM TO GET HIS UMBRELLA, WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN IN THIS WORLD."



HE ONLY HAD THE ONE SET THAT I KNOW OF, SIR.

HMM. INSPECTOR, WERE YOU AWARE THAT MANY OF THESE CHEMICALS MATCH THE RARE POTIONS STOLEN IN THE HARRISON BURGLARY?

WHAT--! ARE YOU SURE?



"THE MEN MADE A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THE ROOM?"

"YES, MR. HOLMES. THE WINDOWS WERE FASTENED FROM THE INNER SIDE. THE KEY STILL REMAINED IN THE DOOR."



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF MR. PHILLIMORE WAS THIS PILE OF CLOTHING!

SO I OBSERVE. MINNIE, ARE YOU CERTAIN THESE ARE THE ACTUAL GARMENTS PHILLIMORE WAS WEARING BEFORE HE VANISHED?



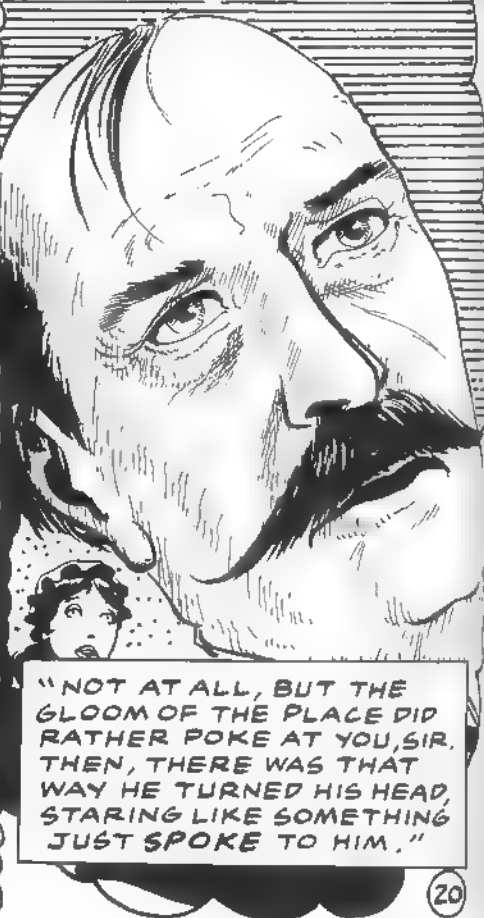
"REASONABLY SO. MINNIE, TELL ME OF MR. HALL'S SUDDEN DEATH."

"WAS HE USUALLY A NERVOUS MAN?"



"WELL, SIR, HE SEEMED RIGHT SHAKEN ABOUT THE WHOLE THING-- SEEMED TO BE LOSING HIS NERVE, EVEN AS HE FIRST WENT INTO THE ROOM."

"NOT AT ALL, BUT THE GLOOM OF THE PLACE DID RATHER POKE AT YOU, SIR. THEN, THERE WAS THAT WAY HE TURNED HIS HEAD, STARING LIKE SOMETHING JUST SPOKE TO HIM."



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

GAAAK!

"NOTHING, SIR, I'M QUITE CERTAIN OF THAT. IT WAS LIKE HE WAS CHOKING-- COULDN'T GET ANY AIR."

HENRY--?

HENRY!
OH GAWD!

"WELL, JUST THAT, MR. HOLMES. HE JUST BLINKED AND TILTED HIS HEAD. RIGHT QUEER, IT WAS. THEN THE FIT TOOK HIM."

"COULD MR. HALL HAVE TOUCHED SOMETHING IN THE ROOM PRIOR TO THIS SEIZURE? A BROKEN FLASK CONTAINING POISON, FOR EXAMPLE?"

"DOC BRAMWELL HIMSELF SAID IT WAS A HEART ATTACK."

"MY POOR MISTRESS WENT TO PIECES THEN."

MR. HOLMES!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

"I WASN'T MUCH HELP IN CALMING HER AT FIRST, WITH HIM LAYING THERE DEAD. THE ROOM TOOK ON A DIFFERENT MOOD. IT WAS EASY TO IMAGINE THE WORST OF THINGS."

COME ALONG, MACDONALD. WE'VE A TRAIL TO FOLLOW.



THANK YOU,
ATTENDENT.
THIS IS THE
MAN I SOUGHT.

YOU REALIZE
INSPECTOR, THAT
OUR DISAPPEARING
MAN USED AN
ALIAS.

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW?

THE PERSONAL
MONOGRAM INSIDE
HIS CLOTHING DID
NOT MATCH INITI-
ALS OF 'JAMES
PHILLIMORE.'

QUITE THE
CONTRARY--

IT IS
NOTHING
LESS THAN
MURDER.

STRANGE.
YOU EVIDENTLY
SEE MORE TO THIS
BUSINESS THAN I,
MR. HOLMES. THE WHOLE
AFFAIR SEEMS NOTHING
MORE THAN AN ELA-
BORATE HOAX.

LOOK FOR YOURSELF, INSPECTOR--THE INCRIMINATING MARKS OF THE KILLER.

MR. HALL WAS STRAN- GLED.

I'LL BE DAMNED!

THIS CHANGES THE ENTIRE STORY! HALL COULDN'T HAVE BEEN STRANGLING BY THIN AIR, AND YET A HALF DOZEN PEOPLE SWEAR TO THE MAID'S STATEMENT. CAN YOU EXPLAIN IT?

MY DEAR MR. MAC, IT'S NEVER BEEN MY HABIT TO HIDE MY METHODS FROM ANY- ONE WITH AN INTELLI- GENT INTEREST--

--BUT NOR DO I REVEAL THE ACTUAL FACTS OF A PROBLEM BEFORE I AM CERTAIN OF THE SOLUTION.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING YOU CAN TELL ME?

INDEED, I CAN DIRECT YOUR ATTENTION TO A SECOND IPING STRANGLE VICTIM!

GOOD LORD! SURELY YOU AREN'T SUGGEST- ING--

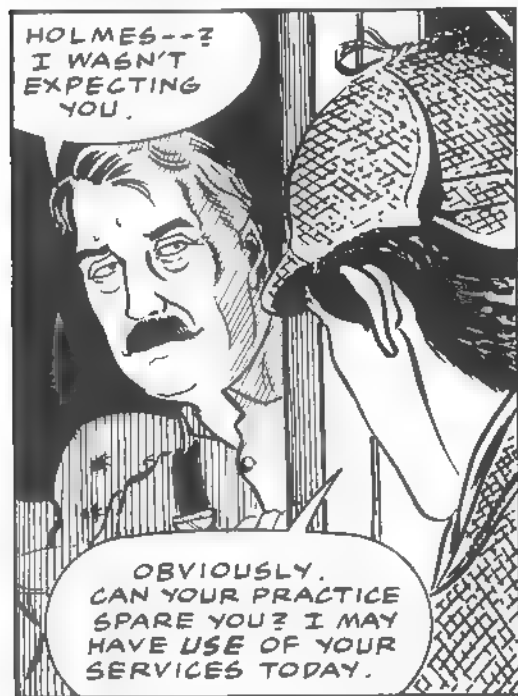
I SUGGEST NOTHING SAVE WHAT IS.

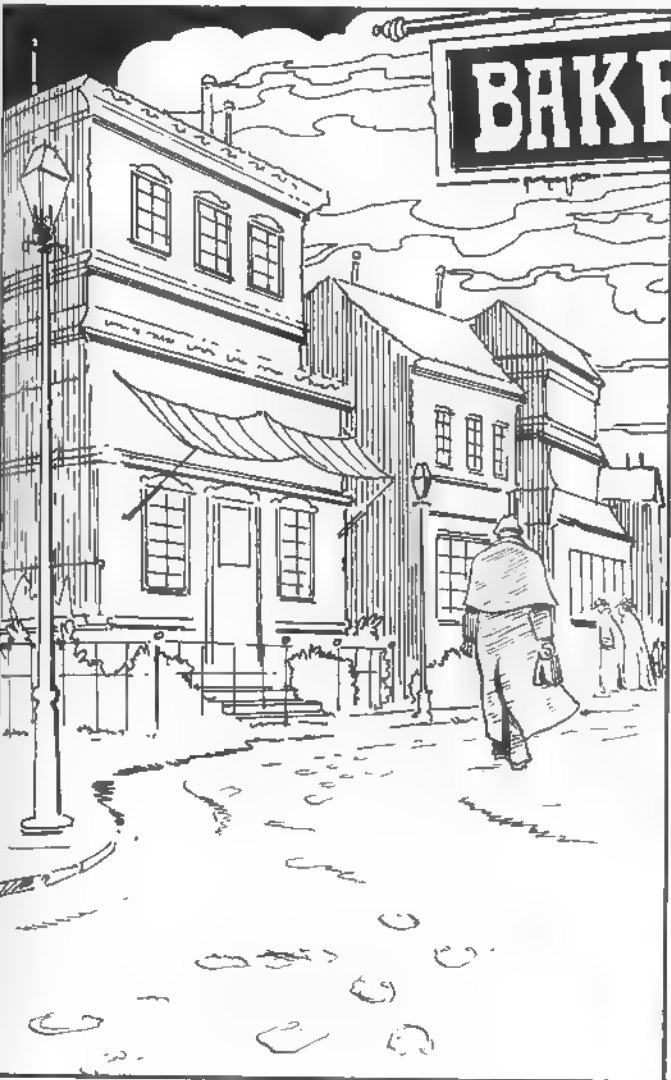
UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS BEGGAR WAS MURDER- ED BY THE SAME MAN WHO KILLED MR. HALL.

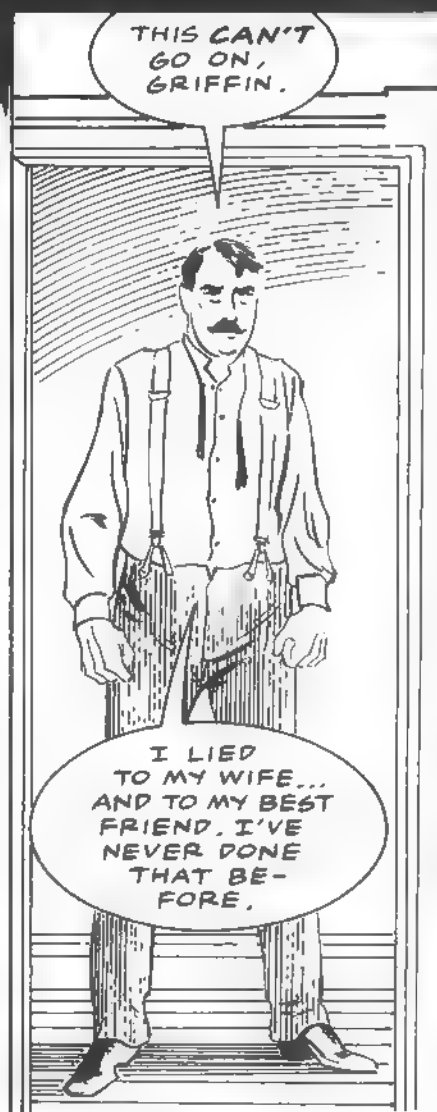
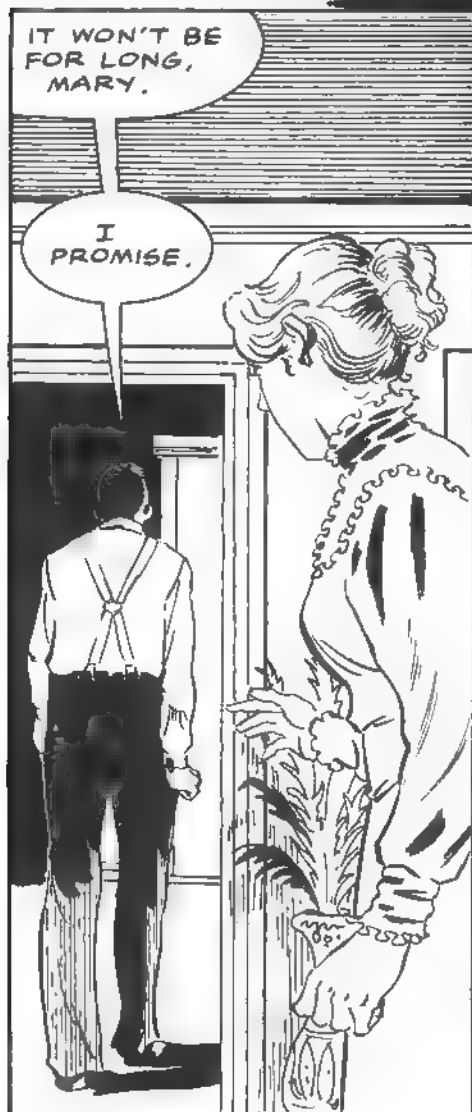
HOW WAS IT THAT THE CORONER MISSED ALL THIS?

THE WORLD IS FULL OF OBVI- OUS THINGS WHICH FEW NOTICE.

THOUGH, OF COURSE, THE CASE IS INTRICATE AND COMPLEX. KINDLY GIVE ME 24 HOURS BEFORE FILING YOUR REPORT.



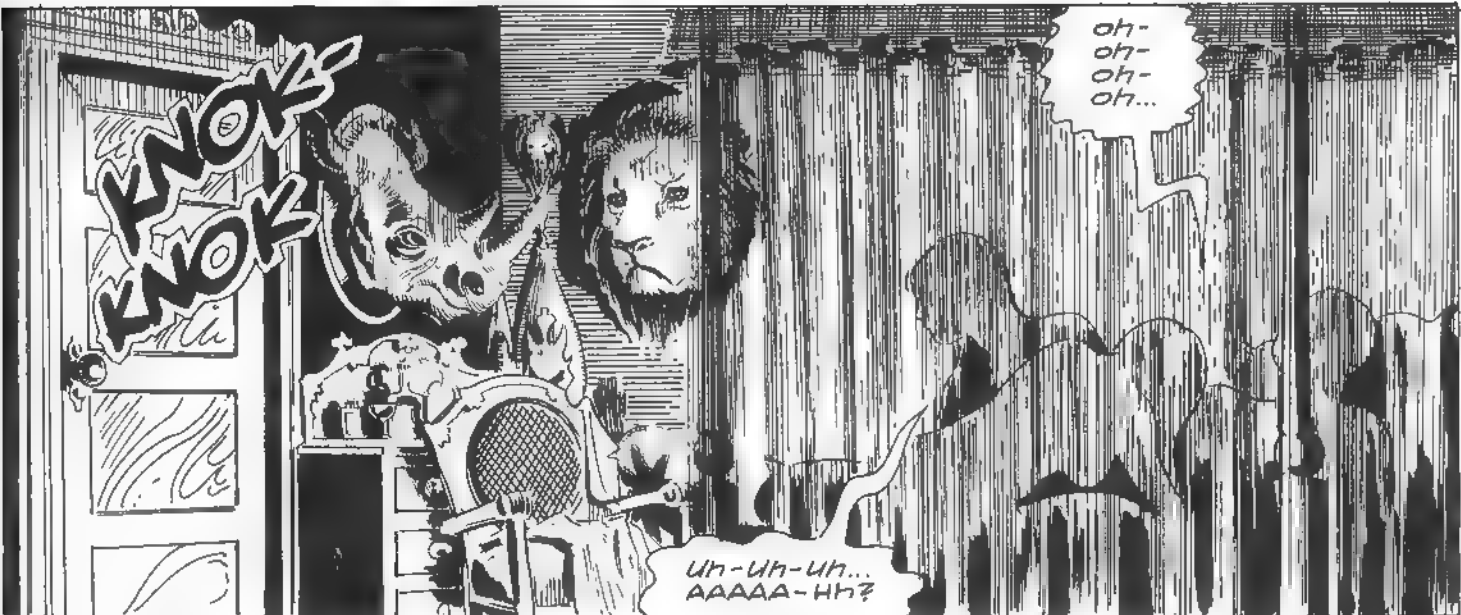








**NEXT:
THE
WOMAN**





Ahh—PRIVATE STEPHENS—I SEE YOU, AT LEAST, HAVEN'T FAILED ME.

NO SIR, COLONEL. SHE PLEASURES YOU, SIR?

SHE DOES. WELCOME OUR GUEST PROPERLY, MAI WONG.



I OBEY.

YOU NEEDN'T BE NERVOUS, MY DEAR. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

uh, IT'S KATHY, suh.

HOW LOVELY YOU ARE THIS IS MAI WONG AND HER SISTER MAE WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS. I KNOW YOU WERE PROMISED FOOD AND DRINK AND SHELTER. AND IT SHALL BE YOURS. BUT, COME CLOSER, CHILD.



SO I MAY SEE YOU BETTER.



YOU'LL BE WARMER NOW.



NOW TO YOUR OTHER COMFORTS

CHAPTER TWO:

THE WOMAN

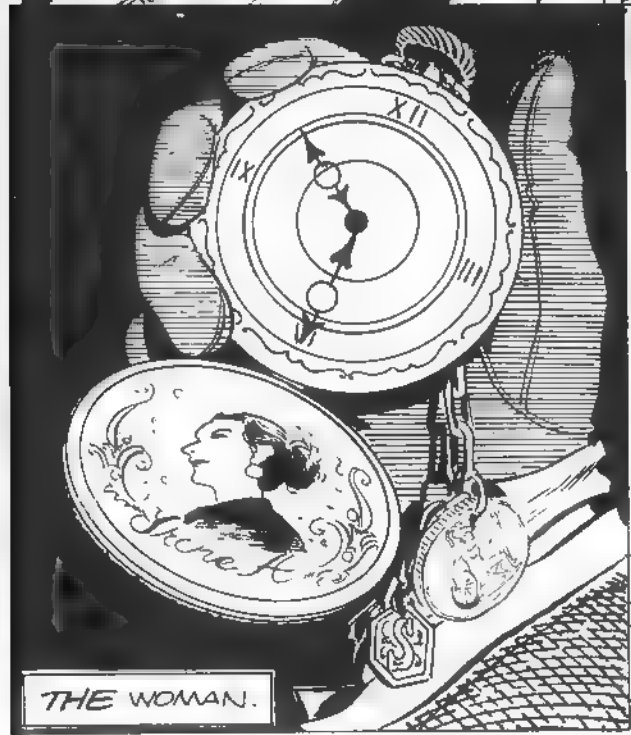
STORY BY MARTIN POWELL
ILLUSTRATION BY SEPPU MAKINEN
LETTERING BY NED POINS
EDITED BY CHRIS ULM

LORDY ME
—MR. HOLMES!
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?!

IF YOU PLEASE,
MRS. HUDSON... BE
SWIFT AND **STEADY**
YOURSELF. THERE IS
SOME DEGREE OF
URGENCY HERE!

BASED ON CHARACTERS
CREATED BY
H. G. WELLS
AND
SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.





WILL THE DOCTOR BE WANTING HIS BREAKFAST NOW, MUMZ

NOT JUST YET, JANE, HE'S STILL ASLEEP. HE MUST BE EXHAUSTED, CARING AFTER MR. GRIFFIN ALL NIGHT

JANE.. I THINK I'LL SERVE MR. GRIFFIN HIS TRAY. YOU MAY RETURN TO YOUR OTHER DUTIES

YES MUM, MRS. WATSON.

MR GRIFFIN.. ARE YOU AWAKE?

I REALLY MUST SPEAK WITH —

—!



GOD.. MY GOD!

BREATHING



MARY! WHAT IS IT? I HEARD SOMETHING BREAK—



NO.. NO.. NO..

NOW, NOW—
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT...
SSSHH...
SWEETHEART,
WHAT'S WRONG?



I'M AFRAID
I AM TO BLAME,
DR. WATSON

NO, JOHN! NO!
NO!! LISTEN!
LISTEN TO ME!
HE WASN'T IN
THERE... NO-
BODY WAS IN
THERE... BUT-
FROM THE BED-
BREATHING!

NOTHING
THERE BUT
BREATHING!



KEEP—KEEP
HIM AWAY FROM
ME, JOHN...?

MARY, GET A GRIP
ON YOUR NERVES.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
WELL AS OF LATE.
YOU NEEDN'T BE
AFRAID OF MR.
GRIFFIN. WE'RE
OLD
INDIA COMRADES,
YOU KNOW.

INDEED, MRS.
WATSON—YOUR
HUSBAND AND I
ARE INDEBTED
TO EACH OTHER.
IS IT NOT SO,
DOCTOR?



SADLY, MY DEAR,
I CANNOT HELP
MY LOOKS—I'VE
SUFFERED AN
ACCIDENT, YOU
UNDERSTAND.

IT HAS
DISFIGURED
ME.. AFFECTED
MY EYES.
HOPEFULLY A
TEMPORARY
MISFORTUNE.

MARY UNDERSTANDS,
GRIFFIN, DON'T YOU—
AH—JANE, THERE YOU
ARE, PLEASE
TAKE MRS. WATSON INTO
THE KITCHEN AND GIVE
HER A HOT CUP OF TEA.
PLEASE, MARY—IT'LL
MAKE YOU FEEL
BETTER...



I TRUST YOU
WILL BE BETTER
SOON, MADAME.
AGAIN, I AM
SORRY TO HAVE
STARTLED YOU.
OF COURSE, I
WAS IN THE
ROOM, YOU KNOW



YOU
SIMPLY
DIDN'T
SEE
ME.



THAT WAS
INTOLERABLE,
GRIFFIN! SHE'S
BEEN ILL—SUCH
A SHOCK COULD'VE
CAUSED A SERIOUS
ATTACK!

THEN I
SUGGEST WE KEEP
THAT DOOR **LOCKED**.
BELIEVE ME, DOCTOR,
REGARDLESS OF THE
LADY'S CHARM, I
DON'T RELISH YOUR
WIFE WALKING IN
ON ME AGAIN WHILE
I AM **UNPREPARED**.



**DAMN IT,
MAN, I
MEAN IT!**

WATSON—!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?



WATSON!

YOU'VE
NO RIGHT—
NO RIGHT
AT ALL...

UGH!

IDIOT!

YOU'RE
NO MATCH
FOR ME,
WATSON...

YOU
NEVER
WERE.

I AM IN CONTROL HERE!
I ALLOW YOU TO FEED AND
SHELTER ME, PROTECT ME
FROM THOSE WHO WOULD
LEARN MY **SECRET**.
REMEMBER, WATSON

YOU
OWE
ME.

I DISLIKE
MANHANDLING
YOU I FEAR I DID
THAT **OLD WOUND**
NO GOOD.

GRIFFIN
YOU MUST
UNDERSTAND.
HEART
AILMENTS RUN
IN MARY'S FAMILY.
IF SHE SHOULD
LEARN THE
TRUTH...

I QUITE AGREE, DOCTOR. SHE'S
NOT TO KNOW. I DOUBT SHE
COULD STAND IT. I **BARELY**
CAN, MYSELF.

IT'S JUST YOU AND
I - OLD FRIEND - IN
ALL THE WRETCHED
WORLD - WHO **KNOW**.

I FEEL I
COULD EAT
A BITE.

NOW, FRIEND
WATSON, WHAT
WOULD YOU SAY TO
SOME BREAKFAST?



I'M SURE MY HUSBAND WILL WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU, MISTER HOLMES.

ALTHOUGH HE'D CERTAINLY **NEVER** ADMIT IT, GEORGE HAS ADMIRERD YOU FOR YEARS. HE'S IN CONFERENCE JUST NOW, BUT YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME TO WAIT.

THANK YOU, MADAM. THE PROBLEM I'M CURRENTLY FACING REQUIRES SOME **HASTE** IN ITS SOLUTION. OTHERWISE I'D HAVE MADE AN APPOINTMENT.



GODDAMMIT—I SAID GET OUT!!

oh.

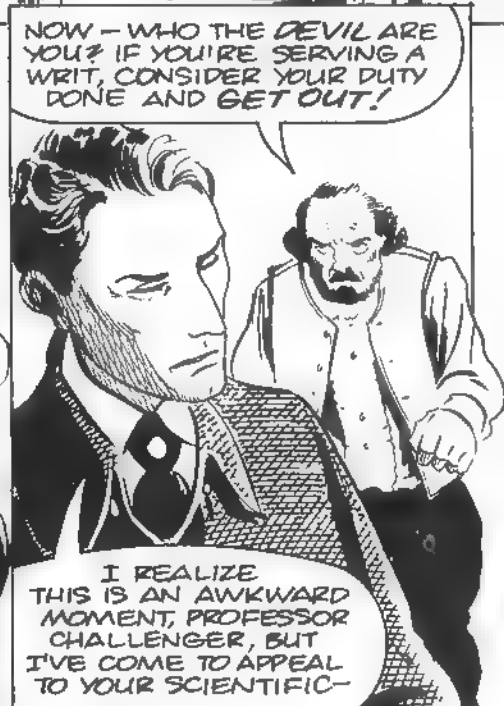
I THINK THE INTERVIEW IS OVER.



I WARNED YOU ABOUT ASKING THE **WRONG** QUESTIONS. NOW GET GOING BEFORE I **THRASH** YOU AGAIN!

GEORGE, REALLY...

MERELY DEFENDING MY **HONOR**, JESSIE.



NOW — WHO THE **DEVIL** ARE YOU? IF YOU'RE SERVING A WRIT, CONSIDER YOUR DUTY DONE AND GET OUT!

I REALIZE THIS IS AN AWKWARD MOMENT, PROFESSOR CHALLENGER, BUT I'VE COME TO APPEAL TO YOUR SCIENTIFIC—



I SAID LEAVE!!



I WARNED YOU, DIDN'T I??



QUITE SO.



Ah,
you want
MORE
eh?



Indeed.

Unnh!



Uh, GEORGE, DEAR...
THIS IS MR.
SHERLOCK HOLMES.

I'M AFRAID
HE DOESN'T
HAVE AN
APPOINTMENT.



AN EXCELLENT MEAL.
YOU'RE A LUCKY
MAN, WATSON.

I KNOW.



WELL, NOW—TO WORK.
THERE ARE SEVERAL
THINGS I NEED YOU TO
DO FOR ME THIS
MORNING—

GOOD LORD.
YOUR
STOMACH—!



I MEANT TO WARN
YOU—A TRIP.
UNSETTLING,
I SUPPOSE.



FOOD
REMAINS VISIBLE
INSIDE ME UNTIL
IT IS DIGESTED.
A CURIOUS SIDE-
EFFECT.

IT'S
HORRIBLE!



THAT'S A STRANGE REACTION
FOR A DOCTOR, OLD
FRIEND. PERHAPS IT'S TIME
I TOLD YOU SOMETHING OF
MY CONDITION.

YOU ARE
MY PARTNER,
AFTER ALL.



"LIGHT HAS ALWAYS
FASCINATED ME..."



"...PARTICULARLY
OPTICAL
DENSITY.



"FOR FOURTEEN YEARS I
WORKED BLINDLY, UNTIL
I HAD CREATED A CHEMICAL
METHOD WHEREBY BLOOD
COULD BE MADE
COLORLESS.



"ALMOST IMMEDIATELY
I TOOK THE DRUGS.



"I HADN'T EXPECTED THE
PAIN. MY VERY
VEINS FELT ON FIRE.



"I STRUGGLED
DIZZILY THROUGH
FITS OF
FAINTING AND
WAKING...



"... FINALLY MANAGING
THE EFFORT TO GAZE
INTO MY SHAVING-GLASS.



"IT WAS THE LAST TIME I
WOULD EVER SEE MYSELF.

"AS I STARED AT MYSELF,
THROUGH MILKY, TRANSLUCENT
EYELIDS, I FELT AN
ELECTRIC SURGE OF **TRIUMPH**:

"I HAD NEARLY
BECOME
INVISIBLE!"



"I NEEDED ONLY TO
COMPLETE THE
PROCESS, SOMETHING
MY MEAGER SAVINGS
COULDN'T ACCOMPLISH.

"THEREAFTER MOONLESS NIGHTS
FOUND ME A **THIEF** — STEALING
THE **RARE DRUGS** NECESSARY...

"...UNTIL I FINALLY STOOD
BEFORE MY MIRROR AND SAW
NOTHING AT ALL.

"A LIGHTED MATCH
COVERED MY TRAIL.

"I LEFT MY OLD WORLD
WITH NO REGRETS.

"AT FIRST THE POWER AND
EXCITEMENT OF MY NEW
EXPERIENCE WAS ABSO-
LUTELY INTOXICATING.

"BUT AS TIME WORE
ON FOOD BECAME
A PROBLEM...

"...AND THE COMING OF WINTER
FOUND ME WITHOUT SHELTER.

"I KNEW TOO
CLEARLY THE
**TERROR AND
CRUELTY**
MY ADVANCES
FOR HELP
WOULD EVOKE.

"I COULD
TRUST
NO ONE.

"ROAMING THE LONDON STREETS,
A BANDAGED **CARICATURE** OF
MY FORMER SELF, THE POWER
HAD BECOME A **PRISON**.

"MORE ALONE THAN EVER
A MAN HAD BEEN—I
DESPERATELY WANTED TO
BECOME **VISIBLE** AGAIN."





HE'S GOING TO KILL US— I KNOW IT.

WE'RE ALREADY DYING, LITTLE BY LITTLE, PRISONERS IN OUR OWN HOME.

JOHN WILL BE ANGRY... BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING.

I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO SAY TO YOU. LEAVE — OR I'LL CALL MY HUSBAND...

I DON'T THINK SO THE DOCTOR HAS STEPPED OUT FOR A MOMENT.



AH, BUT WHAT IS THIS?



HOW DARE YOU COME IN HERE! GET OUT! NOW!

I DARE MUCH, DEAR LADY. THAT'S OBVIOUS

BUT NEVER FEAR, I JUST WANT TO TALK.



I'M AFRAID I MUST PRY, ESPECIALLY WHEN MY SAFETY IS AT STAKE.



HMM.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE GAZETTE

Full Mo Gazette

SEEMS INNOCENT ENOUGH

Mr. Mycroft-
Rice is too much
our integrity. Please
Realize at noon this
Once this is settled to our
satisfaction the Kensington price
will lower.
Mrs. M. Watson

We feel you will
come to Bright
Thursday.

THOUGH YOUR EYES
DO NOT. LAY REST
YOUR SUSPICIONS,
MRS. WATSON. I WON'T
HAVE YOU TURNING
YOUR HUSBAND
AGAINST ME.

I'LL LEAVE YOU
NOW. OH, AND I
HOPE YOU WON'T
BE MOVING TOO
SOON.

I...
RATHER
LIKE IT
HERE.

MARY.
GOD.

SHE IS
BEAUTIFUL.

SO SOFT

For you
etc

SO TENDER...

WATSON'S
WIFE...

WHAT AM I
THINKING?

WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME??

IF YOU'D MADE
YOUR IDENTITY
KNOWN YOU'D
HAVE SAVED
US BOTH A
BRUISING, MR.
HOLMES.

I MUST SAY
THIS THEORY OF
YOURS REGARDING
THESE CHEMICALS
IS QUITE, OH,
UNUSUAL, TO
SAY THE LEAST.

IT'S LONG BEEN A FAVORITE AXIOM OF MINE, PROFESSOR CHALLENGER, THAT WHEN YOU ELIMINATE THE IMPOSSIBLE, WHATEVER REMAINS, HOWEVER IMPROBABLE, MUST BE THE TRUTH.



A NOBLE PROPOSITION. YOU MAY TRUST ME FOR A SOLUTION TO THIS MYSTERY, MR. HOLMES.

HOLMES? ARE YOU SURE?

THERE'S NO DOUBT. THIS OLD MAGAZINE SHE KEPT GAVE ME THE CLUE. YOUR SPIES HAVE SIGHTED HER IN HIS ROOMS ON BAKER STREET. SHE HAS AN ODD FASCINATION WITH HIM.



IF THE DETECTIVE IS INVOLVED, THIS IS MORE SERIOUS THAN EVER.

COLONAL MORAN! I HAVE FOUND HER!

MY WIFE HAS TAKEN REFUGE WITH SHERLOCK HOLMES.



BUT SIR, SURELY WE NEED ONLY—

OH MY DEAR GOD.



PRIVATE STEPHANS, ESCORT MR. NORTON TO THE QUIET ROOM AND GIVE HIM A BRANDY.

WE'LL SPEAK MORE WHEN HE'S FEELING BETTER.





HOLMES THE
MEDDLER.

HOLMES
THE
BUSY-
BODY.



HOLMES THE
SCOTLAND
YARD JACK-
IN-OFFICE.

HE WON'T
STOP ME
THIS TIME.

A Scandal In Bo

CHAPTER I

To Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion about her, or that he was particularly fond of her. It was that he was a cold, logical, and precise man. He was a man of the study, and he was a man of the study.

finds himself in a position of great difficulty. He is a man of the study, and he is a man of the study. He is a man of the study, and he is a man of the study. He is a man of the study, and he is a man of the study.

THE WOMAN. Scandal In Bohemia

CHAPTER I

To Sherlock Holmes she is always the woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex. It was not that he felt any emotion about her, or that he was particularly fond of her. It was that he was a cold, logical, and precise man. He was a man of the study, and he was a man of the study.

I'VE READ
THAT OPENING
PHRASE MANY
TIMES...



HOW VERY
CURIOUS!

...AND I
HAVE NEVER
KNOWN QUITE
HOW TO
TAKE IT.

THIS
ENTIRE SECTION
OF THE ROOM IS A
VIRTUAL SHRINE
TO ME...

THERE ARE
OVER A DOZEN
BOOKS ABOUT
ME—INCLUDING
THAT HORRID
'BIOGRAPHY'
PUBLISHED IN
THE STATES.

I THOUGHT
IT WAS OUT
OF PRINT.



FROM RARE
PLAY POSTERS
TO THE
PHOTOGRAPH
I LEFT FOR
WILHELM.

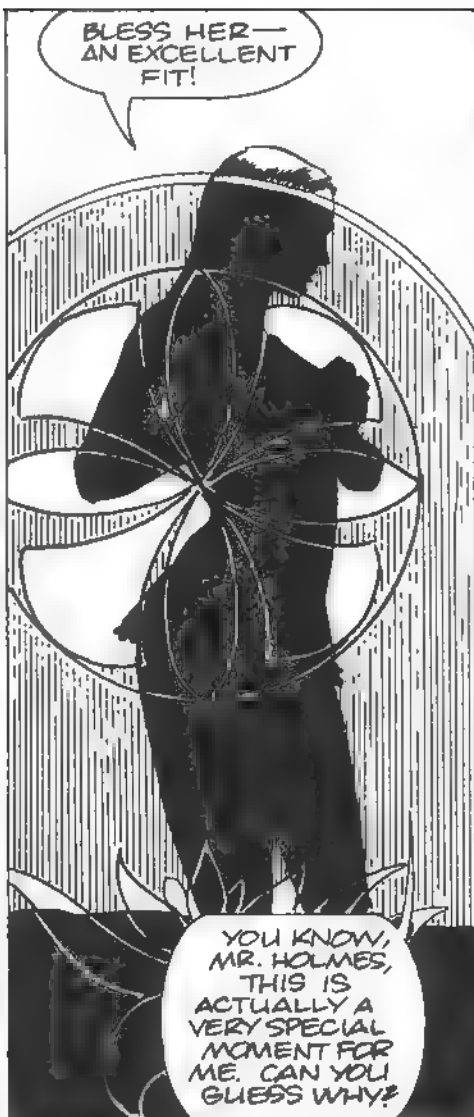
PIRATES OF
PENZANCE
—STARRING
IRENE ADLER

I WONDER...?





THAT DEAR, DEAR LADY. I ENJOY HEARING HER CALL ME BY MY FORMER NAME. HARDLY ANYONE DOES THAT ANYMORE. I MISS THE STAGE TERRIBLY SOMETIMES.



BLESS HER—
AN EXCELLENT
FIT!

YOU KNOW,
MR. HOLMES,
THIS IS
ACTUALLY A
VERY SPECIAL
MOMENT FOR
ME. CAN YOU
GUESS WHY?



NO: I
NEVER
GUESS

REALLY?
I'M
SURPRISED IT
HASN'T YET
OCCURED
TO YOU:



THIS IS THE *FIRST*
TIME I'VE SEEN YOU
IN THE UNDISGUISED
FLESH! WHEN WE MET
LAST, YOU WERE MADE-
UP AS THAT KIND OLD
CLERGYMAN.

I'D HAVE KNOWN
YOU ANYWHERE THOUGH—
YOU'RE VERY MUCH
LIKE YOUR PICTURES.



WELL, I FEEL LIKE A
NEW WOMAN. HOW DO
YOU LIKE ME DRESSED
AGAIN AS A LADY?

MADAM,
I BELIEVE YOU
SHOULD
NOW RELATE
YOUR *BUSINESS*
WITH ME.

I HAVEN'T
TIME FOR IDLE
CONVERSATION.



OF COURSE, MR. HOLMES. FORGIVE ME. I FEEL SO SAFE HERE... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN DAYS. I SUPPOSE I WANTED TO FORGET THIS TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN...

THEN—ALLOW ME.



I DEDUCE THAT THIS INVOLVES YOUR RATHER SCANDALOUS LETTERS FROM THE KING OF BOHEMIA—WHICH I FAILED TO RECOVER FROM YOU SEVEN YEARS AGO.



OBVIOUSLY A CRIMINAL PARTY HAS THREATENED YOUR LIFE IN ATTEMPTING POSSESSION OF THEM.

SHOULD THE QUEEN'S POLITICAL FAMILY LEARN OF HER HUSBAND'S EARLIER CONDUCT, IT COULD WELL SPLIT THE COUNTRY—AND WAR IN CENTRAL EUROPE WOULD RESULT.

WHERE ARE THESE LETTERS NOW?



IT'S BETTER FOR YOU IF I DON'T TELL YOU. I'VE THOUGHT OF BURNING THEM.



THAT WOULD HARDLY PLACE YOU OUT OF DANGER. SUCH GREEDY CRIMINALS WOULD NEVER BELIEVE YOU'D WILLFULLY DESTROY SUCH VALUABLE BLACKMAIL DOCUMENTS. YOUR HUSBAND IS A LAWYER—HAVE YOU CONFIDED IN HIM?

OH GOD...

MR. HOLMES. GODFREY IS THE ONE BEHIND IT ALL!

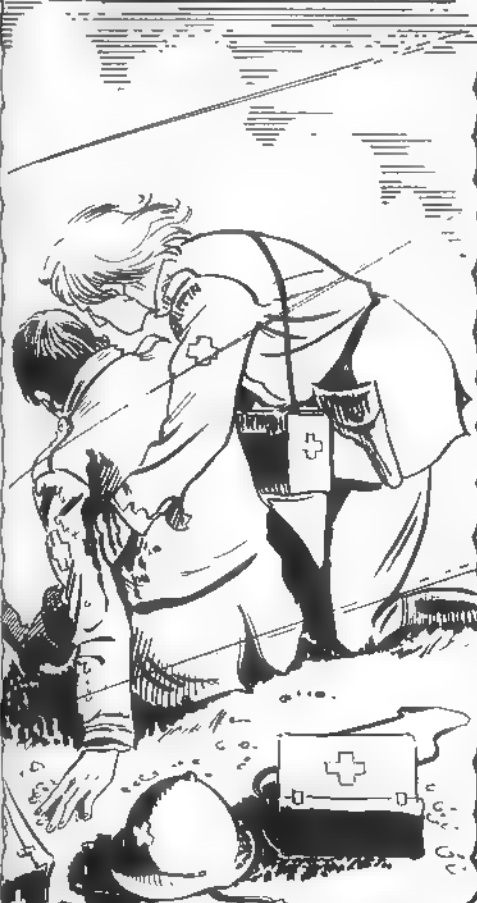


IT WAS HE WHO ATTACKED YOU?

YES.



"HIS GREAT DEVOTION
AND COURAGE SUCCEEDED
IN BRINGING ME SAFELY
ACROSS THE BRITISH
LINES - AT TREMENDOUS
PERSONAL RISK



"I OWE HIM MY LIFE.

"I OWE HIM
EVERYTHING
I'VE BECOME.



"THAT SAME
HEROIC
ORDERLY WAS...

"...MURRAY
GRIFFIN."



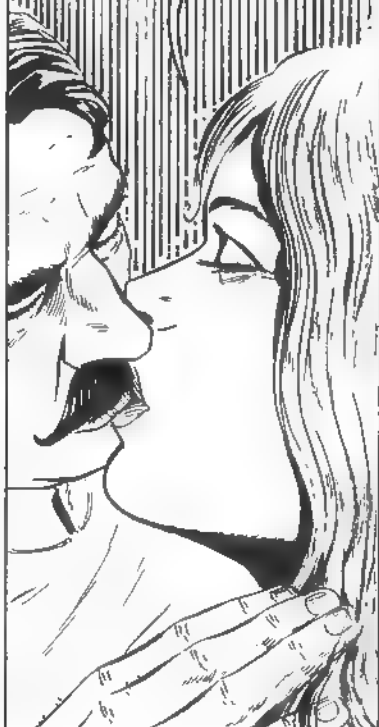
MY OBLIGATION
TO HIM HAS
AFFECTED MY
JUDGEMENT. AND
HAS ENDANGERED
YOU. GRIFFIN IS
MORE UNSTABLE
THAN I DARED
TO ADMIT - EVEN
TO MYSELF.

I'VE
BEEN A
FOOL.



NO,
DEAREST...

YOU'RE
A
VERY GOOD
MAN.



DID YOU
HEAR
SOMETHING?







TONIGHT.



"THEY'S IN THERE, ALL RIGHT."

"OWS THIS GONNA WORK?"



THE COLONEL KNOWS. IT'LL DO PERFECTLY.

AN' SHE'LL JUST COME OUT WITH IT?



"SHE'LL HAVE NO CHOICE YOU'LL SEE."



"NOW QUIET. I MUST CONCENTRATE MY AIM."



SAY- DIDJA JUST 'EAR SOMETHIN'?

KREEEEK



LESS THAN 24 HOURS.

AND ALREADY
DISASTER
HAS STRUCK.



HER WOMAN'S EYES
STARE FROZEN AS
MY WORLD CONSUMES
ITSELF.



HER BLARING EMOTIONS
ARE FOR HERSELF ALONE,
QUITE UNMINDFUL OF THE
DESTRUCTION SHE HAS
INSPIRED.

LESS THAN 24 HOURS
SINCE I'VE BEEN WITH
THE WOMAN...



...AND ALREADY
I'VE DIED A
LITTLE MORE.

WHAT'RE YOU
DOING? WE
HAVEN'T MUCH
TIME!



YOUR HIDDEN
PAPERS. I
PRESUME?

NO
MATTER.

HURRY! WE
MUST ROUSE
MRS. HUDSON!

I CAN'T
GO. NOT
WITHOUT--
THIS!





GO! WHILE YOU CAN!

BUT, MRS. HUDSON--

I'LL GET HER OUT. DO AS I SAY!

GO!!

"OH-LORD-A-MERCY--MR. HOLMES! MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE... WHAT AM I TO DO NOW--?"

"GET A GRASP ON YOUR NERVES AND FEEL FORTUNATE TO BE SAFE."



"IS ANYONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE, MRS. HUDSON?"

"N-NO, SIR... BILLY IS SLEEPING AT THE MISSION TONIGHT."



WE CAN BE GRATEFUL FOR THAT, AT LEAST.

THE REVELATION

YOU REALIZE
YOU ENDANGERED
YOUR LIFE TO RETRIEVE
THOSE DOCUMENTS,
MISS ADLER. YOU MIGHT'VE
BEEN HOPELESSLY
TRAPPED.

THEY
ARE MY
LIFE, MR.
HOLMES.

INDEED?
YOU ARE NOW
OBSERVING
MINE...

...BURNING
TO CINDERS.

STORY
Martin Powell
ILLUSTRATIONS
Seppo Makinen
LETTERS
Pat Brosseau
EDITS
Chris Ulm
BASED UPON CHARACTERS
CREATED BY SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE & H. G. WELLS





STARTLING WOMAN.

REMARKABLE
WOMAN.



SELFISHNESS OR NOT.

...SHE HAS JUST
SAVED OUR LIVES.



THESE MEN BELONG
TO COLONEL MORAN?
THE SUCCESSOR
TO MORIARTY? I
THOUGHT--

THAT HE WAS IM-
PRISONED, HOPELESSLY
INSANE. INDEED, THE
ENGLISH COURTS
BELIEVE SO, TOO.

ALL RIGHT,
JENNINGS--THE
GAME IS UP!

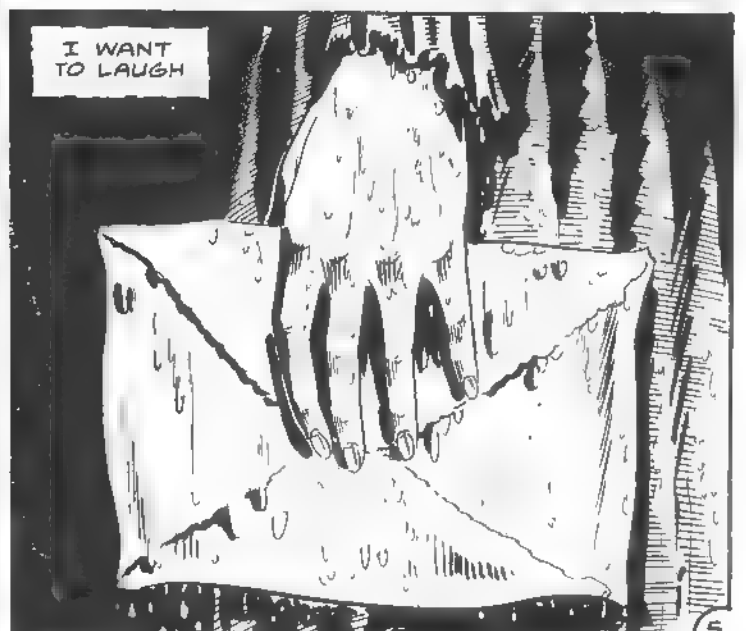


THE THRILL IS
INDESCRIBABLE.

I STALK TOWARD THEM, MY NAKED
FEET PADDING SILENTLY ON THE
COBBLESTONE, NOT FEELING THE ICY
RAIN. THEY DON'T HEAR ME.



THEY CAN'T
SEE ME.



I WANT
TO LAUGH





HER HORROR
BLOSSOMS, AND
SHE GROWS
LOVELIER STILL.

THE DRIVING
RAIN PULSES
MY EXCITE-
MENT.

YES.

I MUST
TOUCH
HER.



THAT'S
ENOUGH!

YOUR WATERY
OUTLINE IS
GIVING YOU AWAY.
STAY WHERE YOU
ARE OR I'LL TAKE
MORE LETHAL
AIM.



BLAM!



IT-IT'S
GETTING
AWAY--!

BLAM!

BLAM!



YES.



YOUR GOD

YOU CAN
NOT SEE ME.



KRASSH!

BUT I'M
HERE.



OH! DR. WATSON--IT'S YOU! I HEARD A NOISE...

STOP! DON'T COME IN HERE!



I WANT THIS ROOM... I WANT THE HOUSE LOCKED AND BOLTED AT ALL TIMES.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



EVERY DOOR AND EVERY WINDOW DAY AND NIGHT. AND MRS. WATSON IS NOT TO GO OUT NOR HAVE VISITORS

PROMISE ME, JANE



V-VERY WELL... SIR, I PROMISE.

GOOD. LEAVE ME NOW.

BUT, SIR, I--



KRASH!

DAMMIT GIRL! DO WHAT I TELL YOU!

THEY DON'T KNOW.

IT'S BETTER
THAT WAY.



NO ONE MUST KNOW.

NOT HOLMES

NOT ANYONE



NOT EVEN YOU.

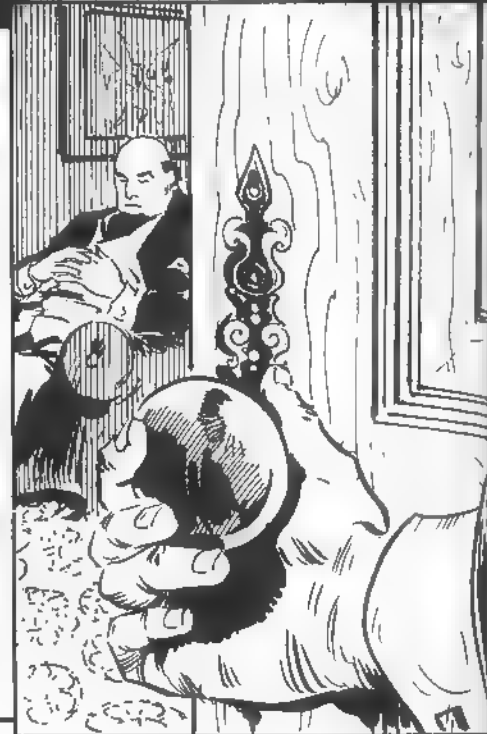


MY LOVE.



FORGIVE ME.













A SHOT!
THAT WAS
DEFINITELY
A SHOT!

OH,
GOD...



OH, MY
GOD!

KEEP
SILENT AND
STAY OUT OF
THE WAY, MR.
NORTON.

I'M QUITE
PREPARED
FOR THIS.



WHAT IF IT'S
SHERLOCK HOLMES?
WHAT IF IT'S SCOT-
LAND YARD?!

I'LL ADD
THEM TO
MY BAG OF
TIGERS.



KRRREEEK!

COLONEL!
THE
DOOR--!

I SEE IT,
YOU IDIOT!
KEEP
BACK!



WHERE
ARE
YOU...?!

BUT--BUT
THE HALL IS...
EMPTY!

NO.
SOMEONE--
SOMETHING'S
THERE! RIGHT
IN FRONT
OF US...

...I
CAN
SMELL
IT.

YOU ARE AN
IMPRESSIVE
HUNTER, COLONEL
SEBASTIAN
MORAN.

BUT YOUR
INTELLECT DOESN'T
EQUAL YOUR EXALTED
POSITION.

IT'S TIME
THE UNDERWORLD
HAD A NEW
KING.

SLEEP ISN'T EASY

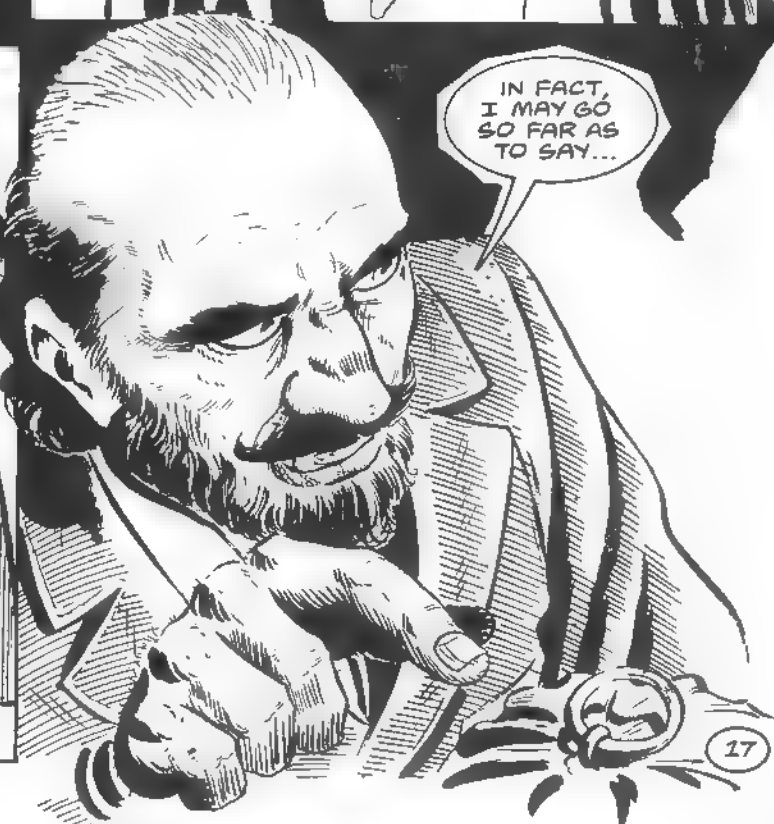
THE NIGHT IS
TOO LONG.

I'M MUCH
TOO
RESTLESS.

MYCROFT...?

TOO
STILL.





"THINK FOR
A MOMENT,
MacDONALD..."

"...HOW ELSE COULD
THAT MYSTERIOUS LODGER
VANISH SO UTTERLY FROM
THE LOCKED ROOM AT
THE INN?"

"WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION
COULD THERE BE BEHIND THE
MURDER OF THE INNKEEPER
BEFORE A DOZEN WITNESSES
WHO SAW NOTHING?"



"MIND YOU, WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU IS
MERELY A ROUGH DRAFT OF A VERY AD-
VANCED FORMULA ...

"MADE FROM A LIST OF RARE DRUGS
FOUND IN THE ROOM OF THE INNKEEPER'S
MURDER."



YOU
THERE!
STOP
WHERE
YOU
ARE!





WHAT ONE MAN CAN INVENT, ANOTHER CAN *DISCOVER*. HOWEVER, I CAN NOT TAKE ALL THE CREDIT--MR. HOLMES AIDED CONSIDERABLY WITH THE COMPOSITION OF THE FORMULA.

HOW WONDERFULLY STRANGE! I CAN FEEL ITS FUR AGAINST MY FINGERS.



KNOWLEDGE OF THIS... FORMULA MUSTN'T LEAVE THIS ROOM. SUCH RUMORS WOULD HURL THE CITY INTO A WILD PANIC.

AGREED, MacDONALD. THERE IS ALSO SOME EVIDENCE THAT OUR 'INVISIBLE MAN' IS SOMEHOW CONNECTED TO COLONEL SEBASTIAN MORAN.



I HAVE ENJOYED OUR COLLABORATION, MR. HOLMES. I REGRET THAT I HAVE OTHER DUTIES TO ATTEND.

THANK YOU, PROFESSOR. MIGHT I SUGGEST THOSE NOTES WOULD MAKE EXCELLENT KINDLING.

HA. MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY.



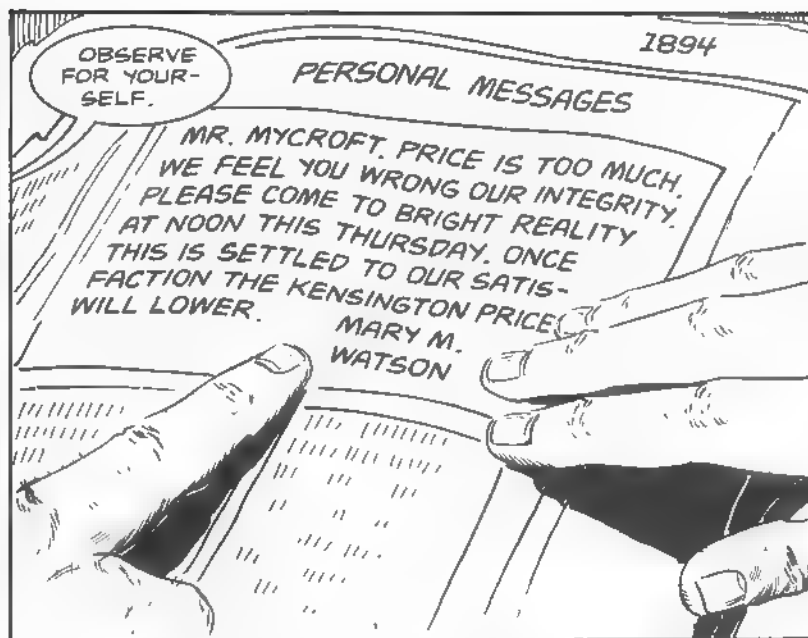
YOU'VE BEEN VERY SILENT THROUGH ALL THIS, MYCROFT.

MY DEAR SHERLOCK, YOU KNOW I DISLIKE DISRUPTING MY DAILY ROUTINE.



I ALWAYS READ EVERY LINE OF THE LONDON TIMES PERSONAL HABITS SHOULD NEVER BE ALTERED, MY BOY. YOU TEND TO MISS THINGS.

SUCH AS THIS MESSAGE OBVIOUSLY MEANT FOR YOU.









I WANT YOU ALL OUT OF MY HOUSE!

IMMEDIATELY!

I'M SORRY, DOCTOR...



YOUR WIFE PLACED A FRANTIC CRY FOR HELP IN THE 'TIMES.' I'D BE FAILING AS A POLICEMAN--AND AS YOUR FRIEND--IF I IGNORED IT.

I...I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THIS--!



ON THE CONTRARY, WATSON...

...I BELIEVE YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT IT

IT'S MORE TERRIBLE THAN I IMAGINED, INSPECTOR.

DR. WATSON HIMSELF HAS BEEN SHELTERING THE INVISIBLE MAN.

BUT--HOW DID YOU...HOW COULD YOU KNOW...



I WAS A FOOL TO LIE TO YOU, HOLMES. BELIEVE ME...

...I HAD THE BEST OF REASONS.



"HIS NAME IS MURRAY GRIFFIN--AN ASSOCIATE OF MINE FROM MY ARMY DAYS.

"I DON'T COMPREHEND HOW YOU'VE LEARNED OF HIS POWER, BUT IT HAS UNBALANCED HIM...



"STILL, I DID ALL I COULD TO HELP HIM, AT FIRST OUT OF LOYALTY.

"THEN, FEAR.



"HIS RAVINGS BECAME MORE VIOLENT... HE THREATENED ME IN MY OWN HOME

"I BECAME TERRIFIED OF WHAT HE MIGHT DO TO MARY"

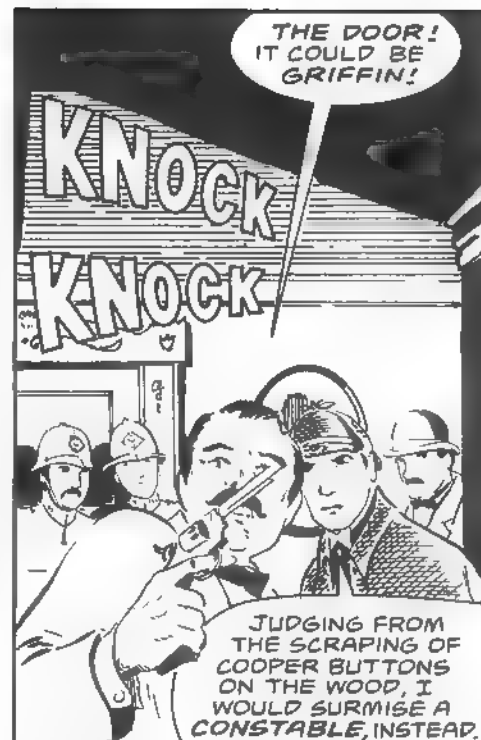


SINCE LAST NIGHT HE HAS VANISHED. I DON'T KNOW WHERE.



I SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED YOU, HOLMES. FORGIVE ME.

YOU WERE PROTECTING YOUR WIFE, OLD FRIEND. UNDERSTOOD I'M SURE--BUT NOTHING TO FORGIVE.



THE DOOR! IT COULD BE GRIFFIN!

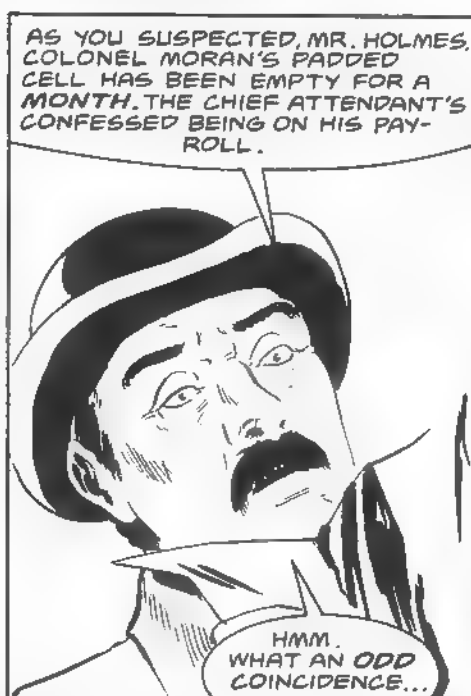
KNOCK
KNOCK

JUDGING FROM THE SCRAPING OF COOPER BUTTONS ON THE WOOD, I WOULD SURMISE A CONSTABLE, INSTEAD.



TELLY FOR YOU, SIR.

THANK YOU, HOPKINS.



AS YOU SUSPECTED, MR. HOLMES, COLONEL MORAN'S PADDED CELL HAS BEEN EMPTY FOR A MONTH. THE CHIEF ATTENDANT'S CONFESSED BEING ON HIS PAY-ROLL.

HMM. WHAT AN ODD COINCIDENCE...



...MRS. NORTON'S HUSBAND'S BEEN ADMITTED TO ST. BART'S. HE WAS FOUND BEATEN HALF TO DEATH.

THESE ARE VERY DARK WATERS.



WATSON--IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT I SPEAK WITH NORTON. YOUR INFLUENCE WILL MAKE IT EASIER TO GET INTO HIS HOSPITAL ROOM.

I'D LIKE TO HELP... TO CORRECT MY MISTAKES, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE MARY--



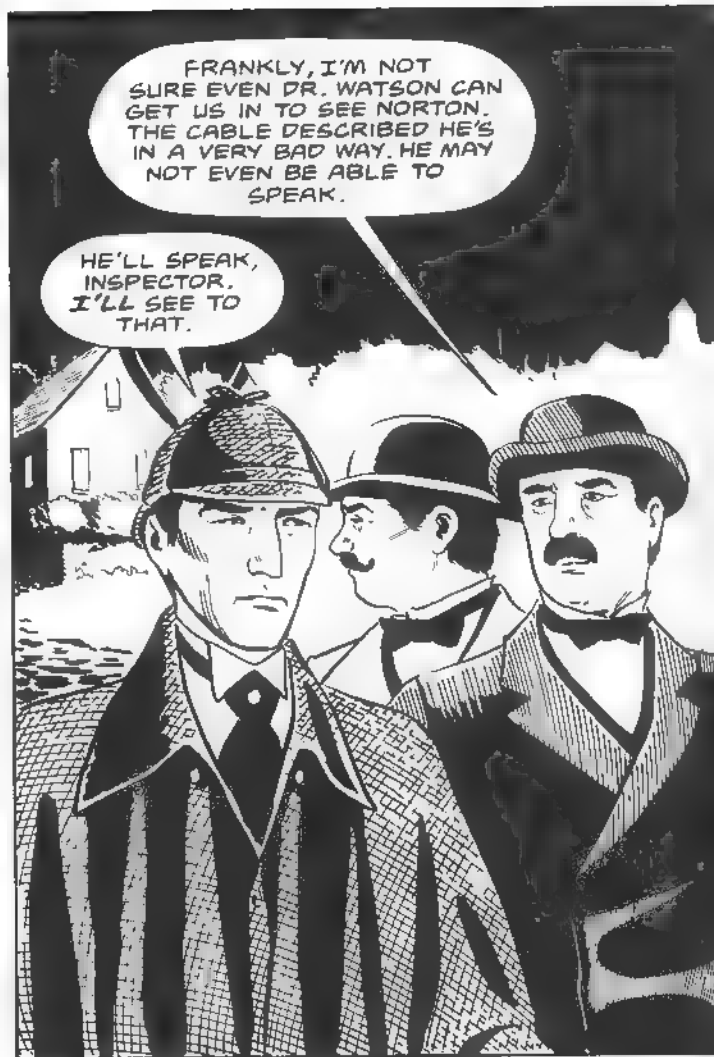
AND WHY NOT, JOHN? I WOULD BE QUITE SAFE AMONG THESE POLICEMEN

PLEASE, DEAREST. I WANT YOU TO.



I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT THIS, MARY.

TAKE CARE TO ADMIT NO ONE INTO THE HOUSE, MRS. WATSON.





THERE THAT'S BETTER.

I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE GAS-LIGHT?

I DON'T LIKE IT, MUM. THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

DON'T BE NERVOUS, MISSUS WATSON. WON'T NOTHING HAPPEN WITH US HERE.

OH, I'M NOT SCARED. JUST A LITTLE SPOOKED, I SUPPOSE. I WISH OFFICER SHATTO WOULD HURRY BACK...



THERE HE IS, MUM. LIKE I SAID-- NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. SEE ANYTHING, STANLEY?

NO. NOT A THING

WELL, THAT'S A RELIEF. WHY DON'T WE ALL SETTLE BACK WITH A NICE CUP OF TEA?

GENTLEMEN--?

WHAT-- WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...?

YOU'RE NOT OFFICER SHATTO!!

HOW VERY OBSERVANT OF YOU.

MARY.

NO...

WATSON
BETRAYED ME...
YOU BETRAYED
ME.

BUT I'LL
HAVE MY
REVENGE.

IT'S BEEN
A LONG TIME
SINCE I'VE
TOUCHED A
WOMAN...

TO BE CONCLUDED



KRASH!

WE'RE
GOING
IN!

DAMN.
FERGOT 'BOUT
THE GASWORKS
BEIN' OUT.

NEVER
MIND. USE
YOUR POCKET-
LANTERN
AND STAY
CLOSE.

MIKE...
STANLEY--?
WHERE ARE
YOU??

I THINK
WE'VE FOUND
MIKE.

WHAT'RE
YOU
SAYIN--?

IT'S HIS...
UNIFORM...
IT'S GONE...!

UH,
GEORGIE...
OVER
HERE...

OH,
CHRIST...

STANLEY'S
LAYING DEAD
IN THE KITCHEN...
NAKED AS A
BABY...



THIS IS
CRAZY.

WE BETTER
FIND THE
DOCTOR'S
MISSUS --
AND QUICK!

YOU
READY?

WHEN
YOU
ARE.

ALRIGHT,
THEN...



NOW!

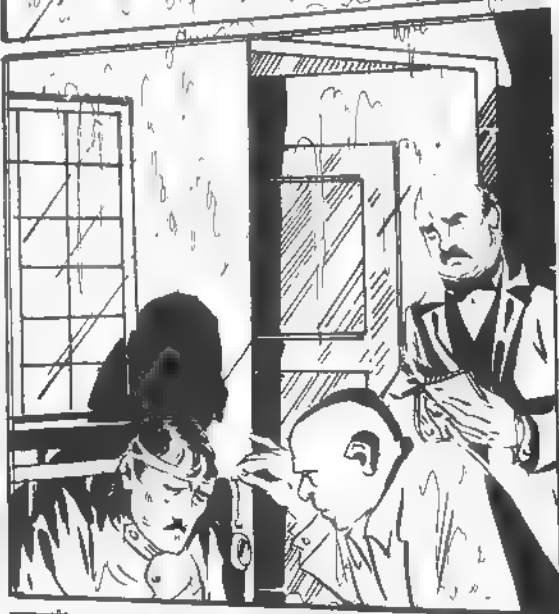
OH
MY DEAR
GOD.

THE ENEMY UNSEEN

WRITTEN BY
MARTIN POWELL
ILLUSTRATED BY
SEPPO MAKINEN
LETTERED BY
PAT BROSSAU
EDITED BY
CHRIS ULM

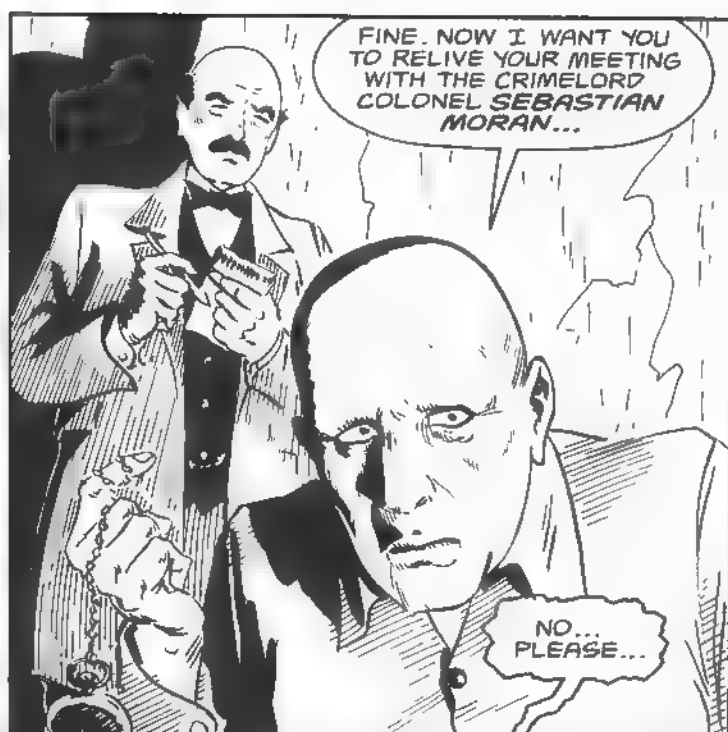
DAWN IS
ALMOST HERE,
AND WE'RE NO
CLOSER TO THE
TRUTH THAN WE
WERE LAST
NIGHT.

WE'RE
WASTING
TIME.



GIVE IT A
CHANCE, AT
LEAST, HOLMES.
HYPNOSIS MAY
SEEM LIKE MYSTIC
HUMBUG, BUT I'VE
SEEN IMPRESSIVE
DOCUMENTED
EVIDENCE TO
THE CONTRARY.

BASED ON THE CHARACTERS
CREATED BY SIR ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE AND H.G. WELLS.





HE'S DANGEROUSLY AGITATED, INSPECTOR I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO BRING HIM OUT OF IT.

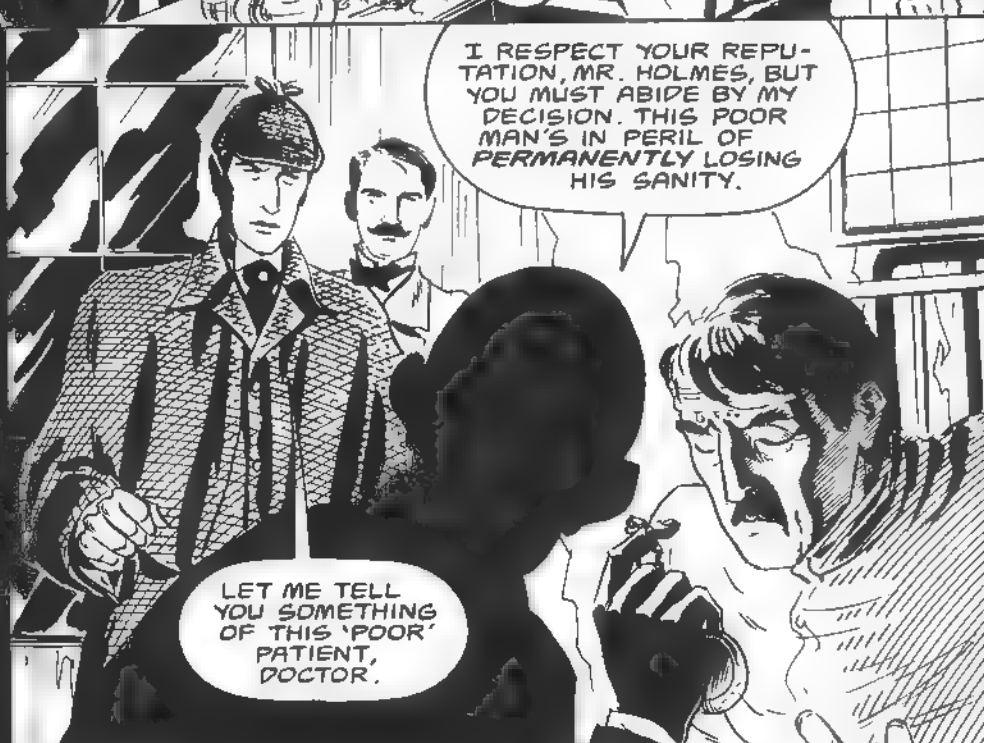
I'D RATHER YOU *DIDN'T*, DR. BAKKER. WE'VE BARELY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE... I NEED THE LOCATION OF MORAN'S LAIR...



I MUST FIRST THINK OF MY PATIENT.

THAT'S IT... SLEEP... FORGET EVERYTHING AND REST NOW...

THIS IS INTOLERABLE, WATSON.



I RESPECT YOUR REPUTATION, MR. HOLMES, BUT YOU MUST ABIDE BY MY DECISION. THIS POOR MAN'S IN PERIL OF PERMANENTLY LOSING HIS SANITY.

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING OF THIS 'POOR' PATIENT, DOCTOR.

MR. GODFREY NORTON IS A HIGHLY SOUGHT CRIMINAL IN THE UNITED STATES, WANTED IN THE ASSASSINATION OF AN AMERICAN SENATOR.

HE HAS SINCE JOINED THE RANK OF THE LONDON UNDERWORLD'S GUILTY OF TREASON, AND LESS THAN 72 HOURS AGO HE NEARLY BEAT HIS WIFE'S DEATH. THIS IS THE FIEND YOU ARE PROTECTING



HE'S RIGHT, DOCTOR. WE'VE CAUSE TO BELIEVE LONDON IS UNDER SEIGE BY A DEADLY POWER-- AND MR. NORTON MAY BE ABLE TO HELP STOP IT.

HIS CRIMES ARE NOT MY CONCERN. MY SWORN DUTY IS TO SAVE HIS LIFE.



AND MY DUTY IS TO SEE JUSTICE DONE!

SMACK



HOLMES!
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING--!

NORTON!
WAKE
UP!

WHERE'S
MORAN?
ANSWER
ME!!

STOP
HIM!

INSPECTOR MacDONALD,
I WANT THIS MADMAN OUT
OF HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY!
I'VE EVERY MIND TO PRESS
CHARGES AGAINST HIM!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY,
DOCTOR. WE'RE LEAVING. COME
ALONG, MR. HOLMES...



I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU
LIKE THAT, HOLMES.
YOU COULD'VE KILLED
THE MAN.



I FANCY
HE'LL RECOVER
ENOUGH TO HANG,
WATSON.



...WHAT'S GOTTEN
INTO YOU, MR. HOLMES?
YOUR INVOLVEMENT
WITH NORTON'S WIFE
IS MAKING YOU LOSE
ALL OBJECTIVITY!

THE WOMAN IS A
CLIENT, A MERE
FACTOR IN THIS
CASE.

NONSENSE,
MacDONALD



NOTHING
MORE.

BESIDES, WE HAVE WHAT WE NEEDED. IT'S CLEAR FROM NORTON'S LURID NARRATIVE THAT GRIFFIN, OUR *INVISIBLE MAN*, HAS ATTACKED COLONEL MORAN'S HIDDEN BASE. IT'S EQUALLY OBVIOUS THAT GRIFFIN ISN'T ALLYING HIMSELF WITH MORAN AS WE FIRST FEARED.

INSTEAD, HE HAS A MORE DANGEROUS PLAN.

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN MISS ADLER'S, AH, *MRS. NORTON'S* BLACKMAIL LETTERS? WITH SUCH A WEIGHTED DOCUMENT, GRIFFIN COULD SET A RANSOM THAT COULD CONCEIVABLY CONTROL CENTRAL EUROPE. IT'S THE *LETTERS* HE WANTS AND HE PROBABLY BELIEVES MORAN HAS THEM, OR KNOWS THEIR CONTENTS.

WATSON!
JOHN
WATSON!

STAMFORD! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ON STAFF HERE!

THE CONSTABLE DOWNSTAIRS TOLD ME YOU WERE IN THE HOSPITAL... GOD, WATSON--IT'S HORRIBLE--!

IT-- IT'S MARY, WATSON... SHE'S BEEN... ATTACKED-- ASSAULTED. SHE'S LOST A TERRIBLE AMOUNT OF BLOOD...

...I'M NOT CERTAIN WE CAN SAVE HER--!





I
ADMIRE
THAT.



MAKING
THE MOST
OUT OF
LIFE...



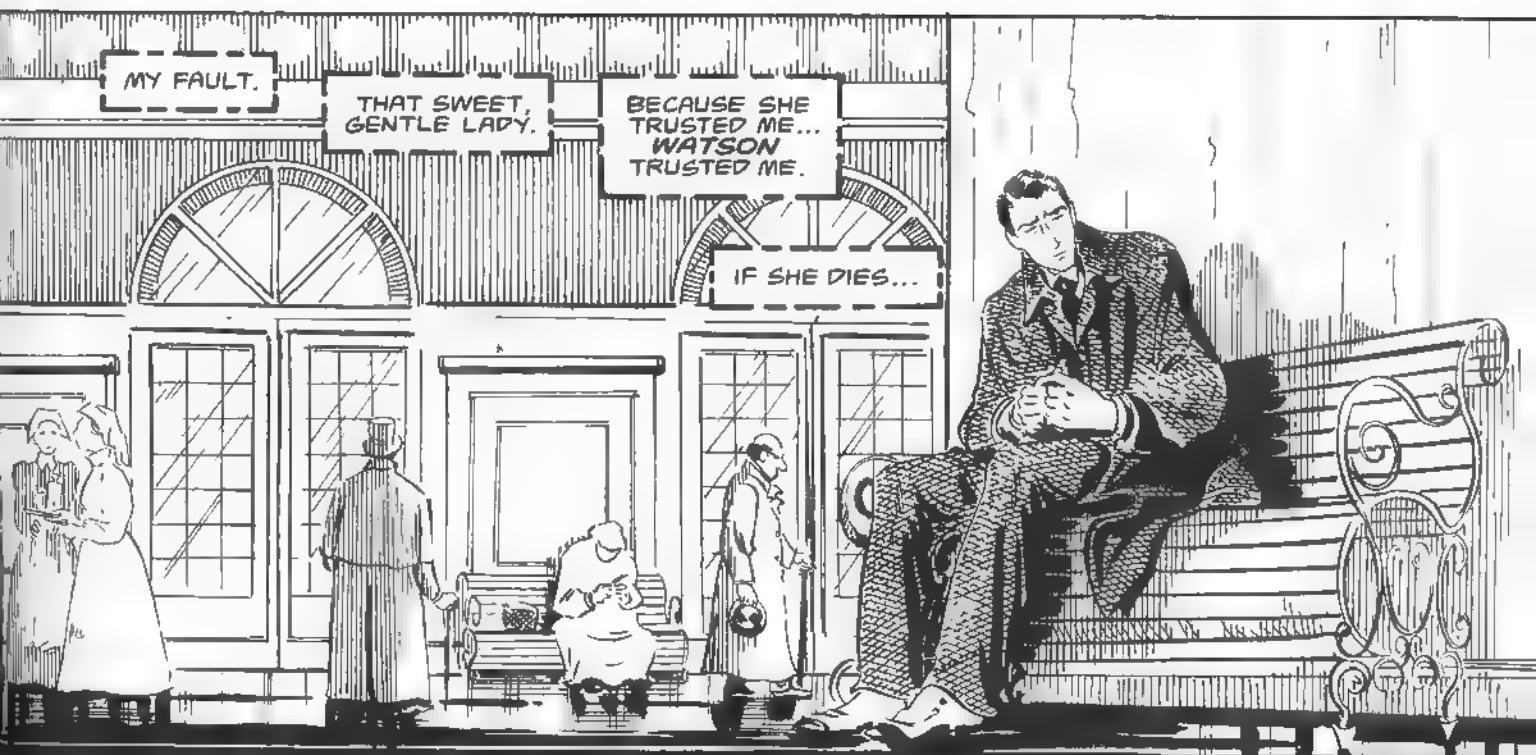
WHILE IT
LASTS.



NOW,
SUPPOSE WE TALK
BUSINESS.

TELL ME WHEN
THE KING OF
BOHEMIA IS
EXPECTED IN
LONDON.

THEN,
PERHAPS, WE
CAN PUT THIS
BEHIND US.



MY FAULT.

THAT SWEET,
GENTLE LADY.

BECAUSE SHE
TRUSTED ME...
WATSON
TRUSTED ME.

IF SHE DIES...



I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF.

MR. HOLMES?
SHERLOCK...?



HOW BADLY
WAS SHE
HURT?

GRAVELY,
I FEAR. YOU
SHOULD GO,
MISS ALDER.

I'VE OVERHEARD
TERRIBLE THINGS--
THAT DR. WATSON WAS
HARBOURING THE
INVISIBLE MAN...
WAS IT HE WHO--



YOU
SHOULDN'T
BE HERE.

I KNOW.
I SLIPPED OUT
OF SCOTLAND
YARD AFTER
LEARNING ABOUT
MRS. WATSON.



YES. GRIFFIN KILLED THE
POLICE GUARDS, AND ESCAPED
WEARING A DEAD OFFICER'S
UNIFORM TO PROTECT HIM-
SELF AGAINST THE COLD.



I HAVE NOT BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN TRACING HIM.

HE COULD BE ANYWHERE... EVEN LISTENING TO US THIS VERY MOMENT.

BUT HOW COULD HE KNOW ABOUT MY DOCUMENTS?



OBVIOUSLY FROM MORAN'S ASSASSINS THE NIGHT THEY SET MY ROOMS ABLAZE. PROBABLY THEY TOOK SHELTER FROM THE RAIN IN THE SAME EMPTY HOUSE.

SURELY AN INVISIBLE MAN NEEDN'T RESORT TO SIMPLE BLACKMAIL?

IT WOULDN'T SEEM SO...



MISS ADLER--YOU HAVE OPENED MY EYES!

SEE THIS LADY SAFELY BACK TO SCOTLAND YARD, OFFICER HAMPTON

I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU.



TOO DANGEROUS. TELL INSPECTOR MacDONALD I MUST SEE HIM IMMEDIATELY.

STRAIGHT AWAY, MR. HOLMES. COME ALONG, MISS...

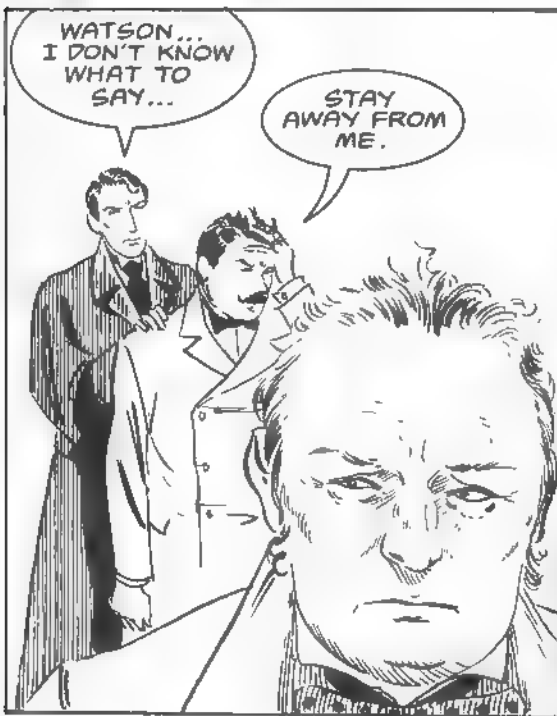


BEFORE, I COULD NOT THINK.

STRANGE THAT SHE WOULD INSPIRE ME.



MARY TOOK THE TRANSFUSION WELL. THERE'S EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE SHE WILL RECOVER, JOHN.



WHERE THE HELL IS HE? IT'S HIS BLOODY PLAN-- HE SHOULD BE FREEZING IN THIS WEATHER SAME AS WE ARE.

MR. HOLMES WON'T LET US DOWN, COMMISSIONER.

THIS MAY WELL BE THE ONLY WAY OF CAPTURING THE INVISIBLE MAN, SIR.

EHMPH

'INVISIBLE MAN', INDEED!

I WON'T BE MADE FOOL OF BY AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE, MacDONALD...

STILL, I'VE PLACED THE MEN AS HE INSTRUCTED.

THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS! JUST ON TIME, SIR.

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, INSPECTOR...

...THE KING OF BOHEMIA HAS ARRIVED!



WELCOME TO LONDON, YOUR MAJESTY. I AM SIR DONALD THOMPSON, COMMISSIONER OF SCOTLAND YARD, AT YOUR SERVICE.

VAT... VAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS??



NONE WERE TO KNOW OF MY ARRIVAL. THIS IS A PRIVATE MATTER, GENTLEMEN. GOOD DAY.

YOUR MAJESTY--!

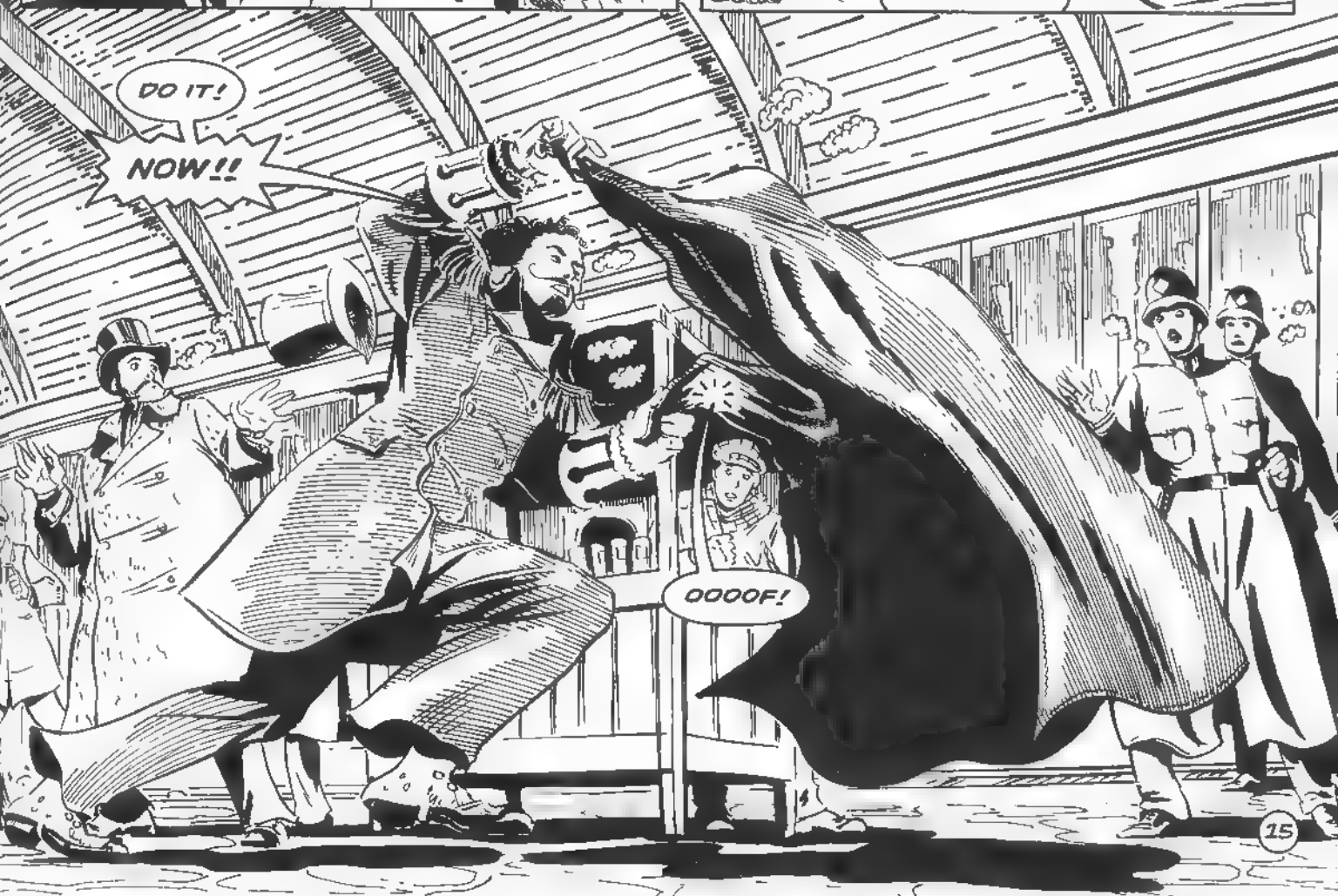


IT IS MY DUTY TO PROTECT YOU! WE KNOW YOU ARE BEING BLACKMAILED BY COLONEL MORAN--



I SEE. QUICKLY, THEN, SURROUND ME IN A TIGHT CIRCLE.

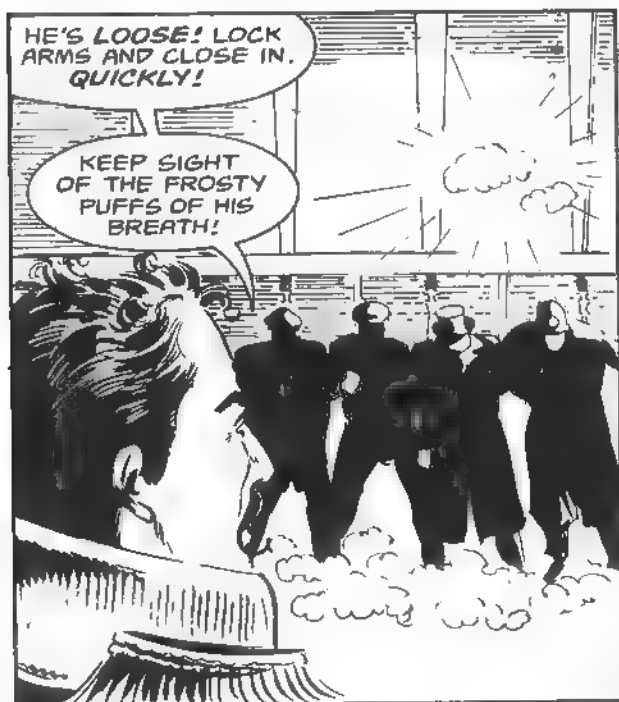
YOUR MAJESTY...?



DO IT!

NOW!!

OOOOF!







WATSON!

I READ YOUR NOTE TOO LATE FOR THE ACTION, HOLMES.

STILL, I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE A COUPLE OF OLD FRIENDS.



I THOUGHT TOBY MIGHT BE OF SOME USE IF GRIFFIN MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR SNARE.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FELLOW.



YES, INDEED. IN ALL MY YEARS AS A DETECTIVE I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE HIM.

THESE BOOTS GRIFFIN LEFT BEHIND WHILE I WAS TREATING HIM SHOULD BE ENOUGH...



GOOD LORD! HE'S ON THE TRAIL ALREADY!

QUICKLY, WATSON!

THE GAME IS AFOOT!



RUINED.

THE WAR WILL NEVER BE.



ABSOLUTE POWER... TO ENSLAVE NATIONS...

...TO SHAPE HISTORY.

GONE.









MY LAST CHANCE.

CLAK CLAK CLAK



GET AWAY!



LIKE A WOUNDED ANIMAL...

...HE'S MORE
DANGEROUS
THAN EVER.



THE ONLY WAY
TO STOP HIM...



...GOD HELP ME...

...MAY BE TO
KILL HIM.







... NEVER LET
THEM HAVE
ME ...



GRIFFIN...

YOU'RE
HURT.

SICK.



LET
ME HELP
YOU.

PLEASE...

FREE.



THUMP

THEY CAN
NOT FIND
ME.

CAN NOT
SEE ME.

I AM
FREE.

BLOODY
HELL---?

FELT LIKE WE
RAN OVER
SOMETHING...

POLICE

GRIFFIN---!

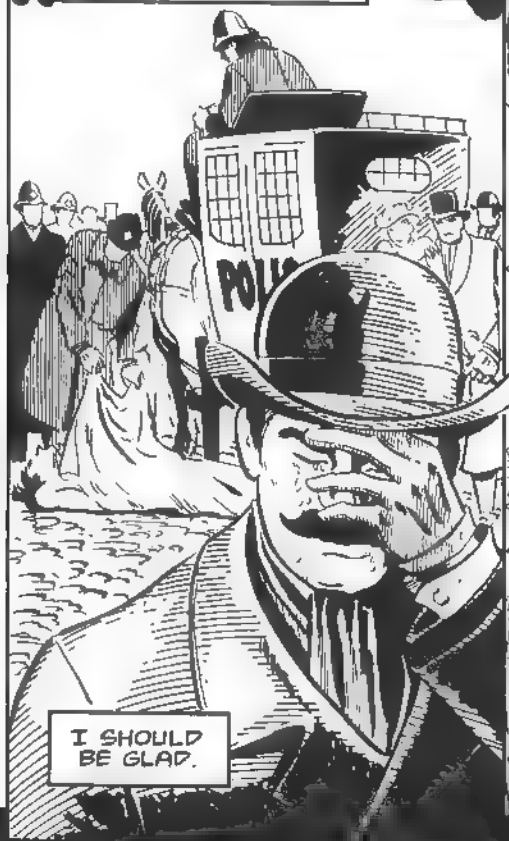
GOD.



OVER.

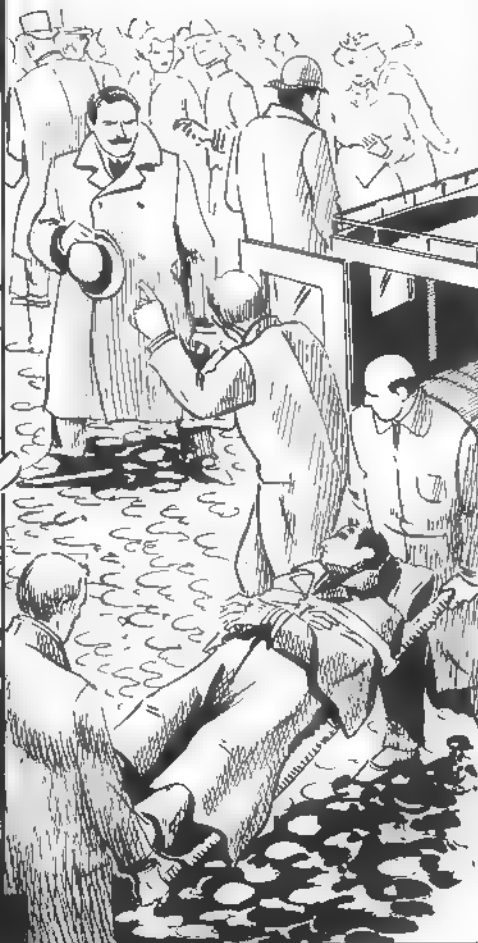
LONDON IS SAFE

MARY IS AVENGED.



I SHOULD
BE GLAD.

IF ONLY I DIDN'T FEEL
SO RESPONSIBLE.



IT'S KIND OF
YOU TO SEE
ME TO THE
STATION,
INSPECTOR
MacDONALD

THE
COMMISSIONER'S
ORDERS,
MADAM.

WITH
COLONEL MORAN
UNCAPTURED,
WE'RE TAKING NO
CHANCES.



MR.
HOLMES!
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
YOU, SIR.
YOU'RE
LOOKING
MUCH IM-
PROVED.

THE ADVANTAGE
OF HAVING A
PHYSICIAN FOR
A FRIEND.

AHEM. I'LL,
AH, BE SITTING
WITH THE DRIVER,
MADAM.

THANK YOU,
INSPECTOR.

SHERLOCK.

I'M SO
HAPPY
YOU ARE
HERE.

I COULDN'T LET
YOU LEAVE... WITHOUT
WISHING YOU A SAFE
JOURNEY. THINGS
WILL BE BETTER FOR
YOU IN AMERICA.





IS THAT ALL? BUT I THOUGHT...

THE CASE IS SOLVED. MY WORK IS FINISHED.

...I HOPED...



WE MUST BOTH PUT THIS TERRIBLE BUSINESS BEHIND US. THERE'S NOTHING MORE WE CAN GIVE EACH OTHER. I'M SORRY.

IRENE.



I AM SORRY, TOO. FOR BEING SO FOOLISH.

PERHAPS, ONE DAY, WE WILL MEET AGAIN.

PERHAPS



I'M READY, DRIVER.

LET'S LEAVE.



WHAT'S THIS? IT ISN'T PART OF MY LUGGAGE...

HIS VIOLIN CASE...?



A PARTING GIFT.

FAREWELL.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

EPILOGUE.

"AND SO ENDED THE
TERRIBLE CASE OF THE
MADMAN, GRIFFIN.



"SUCH AN
EMOTION WAS
OPPOSED TO
THAT TRUE
COLD REASON
THAT MY FRIEND
TREASURED
ABOVE ALL
THINGS.



"HE HAS KEPT
THE PHOTOGRAPH
OF IRENE
ADLER.



"THE WOMAN.

"OF DUBIOUS AND
QUESTIONABLE MEMORY.

"AS TO IRENE ADLER,
SHERLOCK HOLMES
MANIFESTED NO FURTHER
INTEREST IN HER ONCE
SHE'D CEASED TO BE
THE CENTRE OF ONE OF
HIS PROBLEMS.

"HOLMES ONCE
CONFERRED TO ME
HE HAD NEVER
LOVED.



"AND YET...

"AS FOR MYSELF, I
BECAME THE
HAPPIEST OF MEN.

"MARY OPENED HER
EYES AND SOFTLY
SPOKE MY NAME."



END





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